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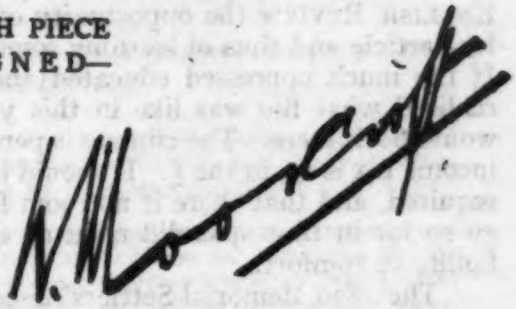

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JULY, 1926

Correspondence

Life in South Africa

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I should like to thank you for giving the readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW the opportunity of reading Miss Fairbridge's excellent article and thus of learning something about life in South Africa. If the much oppressed educated and tax-paying classes in England realized what life was like in this youngest Dominion of ours, they would flock there. The climate is perfect, there is no servant question, income tax is 1s. in the £. It should be said that some small means are required, and that there is no room for penniless settlers, but pennies go so far in that splendid country that a small income will carry a family in comfort.

The 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association, to which Miss Fairbridge refers, has an office in London. It exists for the purpose of telling people how to get to South Africa and what to do when they get there. This Association is not a land company, but a voluntary society of men and women who are impressed with the opportunities of South Africa and with the need of that great country for settlers. The address is 199 Piccadilly, and the Secretary, Colonel Hartigan, D.S.O., will be very glad to answer questions.

Yours, etc.,

V. MILNER.

14 Manchester Square, W.1.
June 17, 1926.

The Electoral System of France

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I venture to protest against the use of the term "proportional representation," in the Note on France in your last number, as descriptive of the electoral system at present used in that country.

No one denies that the existing French electoral system has not been a success, but—it is NOT proportional representation. May I quote a sentence from an article by M. Poincaré in the March number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW? He wrote:

"Before the war the *Chamber* chose to abandon the system of simple majority in favour of proportional representation. It was an idea that appealed to our sense of justice, and seemed deserving of trial. But from a long discussion between the advocates and opponents of this method of election a bastard compromise has emerged, combining the faults of both systems, in which we see to-day all the objections. Experience of *this hybrid ballot* has been unfortunate. It has favoured strange electoral coalitions; has married, as we say in France, the carp and the rabbit; has led to discreditable divisions between candidates on the same list, and has confused the electors by complications for which they were unprepared."

The Chamber of Deputies has on many occasions shown itself to be favourable to the adoption of a true system of representation,

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Some aspects of its Work.

II.—THE PRODUCTION OF EMBOSSED BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Last month the first part of this description of the work of the National Institute concluded with a brief account of Braille, and the preparation of single copies of Braille books by hand was mentioned.

Stereotyping.—But when many copies of the same book or periodical are required, they are printed from metal plates on which the Braille characters are embossed by means of stereotyping machines, manipulated by the blind. The stereotyping room at the Institute forms a busy scene, as the Institute is the largest publishing house for the blind in the world.

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(To be continued next month.)

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and only accepted the present compromise system under duress of the Senate. The system differs from proportional representation in two vital respects. First, it does not, and is not intended to, give fair representation to different sections of political opinion; and, second, it does not leave parties free to develop their own political ideas, but forces them into unnatural combinations at the expense of principle, IN ORDER TO GAIN THE BONUS which the system provides for any party or party-combination in favour of which a clear majority of votes is polled in any constituency. The political results of the system have been very forcibly described by M. Poincaré in the passage above quoted.

Nevertheless, the Chamber, and the *Commission du Suffrage universel* which reports upon all electoral questions, have both shown their reluctance to contemplate a return to single-member constituencies—a system described by M. Briand before the war as that of *mares stagnantes*. It was the experience of France, as of other continental countries, that in the narrow limits of the single-member constituencies national considerations tended to be submerged by a multitude of petty and local interests. On May 27 the Chamber voted down the proposal to appoint an early day for the discussion of a return to the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and on June 3 the Commission rejected the *scrutin d'arrondissement* Bill altogether, and decided as its contribution to the electoral reform question to lay before the Chamber a Bill establishing real proportional representation.

In these circumstances I venture to ask whether you could, in your next issue, correct the wrong impression which must have been caused to any uninformed reader by your last reference to electoral reform in France.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN H. HUMPHREYS,
Secretary, the Proportional Representation Society.

The Claims of Democracy

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Democratic theories of Government are based upon two principal fallacies: That majorities are more likely to be right than wrong, and That every man, simply in virtue of his humanity, has a right to some voice in determining how he shall be governed. Such a right should be restricted to the educated and competent. The extension of the franchise on qualifications of property and age, is responsible for most of the cheapness, vulgarity, muddled thought, and shallow argument with which modern society is contaminated. Surely it is not correct to state that democracy has taught people to think for themselves. The political views of the large majority of our electorate are guided by the "stunt" press, under the directions of unscrupulous magnates who know how to sway the masses by catchwords and slogans. And human nature is seen at its very worst at the times of general elections.

It is, of course, possible to exaggerate these facts. Majorities are sometimes capable of deciding rightly, when the issues at stake are clear and have been fully presented to them; but they are normally incompetent and cannot be relied upon to choose the best men. A benevolent despotism is the most efficient form of Government, and the second best is an aristocracy. It may not be possible in our complicated Western civilizations to undo all the mischief that has been

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done by the injudicious granting of electoral powers without upheaval and disturbance. But it is possible to work for such ends, and also to deal much more severely with the extremist agitators in England and elsewhere. Writing as a minister in a working-class parish, I feel confident that drastic measures would be welcomed by many of those persons who suffer most severely from the dislocation of industry and entertain the most profound mistrust of the orators who claim to represent the people's rights.

I am, etc.,
HENRY FRANCE (Rev.).

100 Leader Road, Sheffield.
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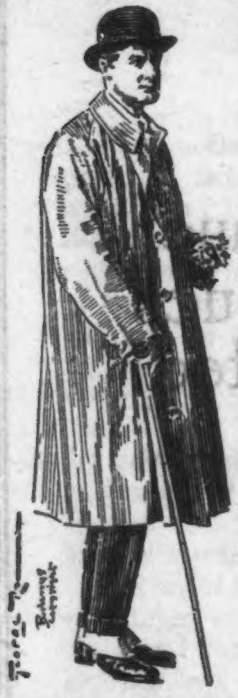

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JULY, 1926

Current Comments

The Coal Crisis

"HE who cannot reason is a fool: he who dares not is a coward; he who will not is a bigot." One or the other, or all three of these labels, must be applied to the Labour members of Parliament who interrupted with unmannerly shouts the Prime Minister's sensible and moderate proposal not to repeal the Act which forbids a miner to work more than eight hours, but to introduce a permissive Bill "giving both miners and owners the option of agreeing on an eight hour day." When Sir John Simon was making his famous speech about the illegality of the sympathetic strike, the Labour party rose in a body and left the House. They are grown-up babies, these representatives of Labour, who do not know the meaning of proof, or evidence, and who shout down all argument on the other side. It is appalling to think that Parliamentary government, and the very life of the community —for we starve if we stop exporting—should lie in the hands of these men. It is quite obvious that the miners are trying to force nationalization on the Government, though it does not seem to occur to these gentry that, if the State took the place of the colliery proprietors, a strike would then become a mutiny. Mr. Baldwin's proposals may be summarized as follows: (1) A Permissive Bill to allow miners to work eight hours. It is easy to see why Mr. Cook and the Trade Unionist members of Parliament oppose this Bill so furiously. They are afraid that in many districts the miners will agree to work the extra hour, in which case Messrs. Cook and Smith would become nobodies, and the strike be defeated. Further, it would mean settlements by districts, which is the only sensible arrangement, instead of the uniform

national wage. The whole policy of the Trade Unionists is to drag down the best mines to the level of the worst. (2) A Bill to extend the powers of the Mines (Working Facilities and Support) Act of 1923, which has been administered so smoothly and efficiently by the Railway and Canal Commissioners. This Act enables the Commissioners to make orders in the nature of short mining leases, in which protection is afforded to everybody interested, and persons, generally small owners, who hold up the development of coal, either from caprice, or for the purpose of extravagant prices, meet with short shrift when they appear before the tribunal. This part of the Prime Minister's proposal is contained in the Memorandum which Sir Lewis Coward, K.C., one of the Railway Commissioners, submitted to the Coal Commission, though Mr. Baldwin did not mention the fact. Sir Lewis Coward suggested that the Act of 1923 should be so amended as to give the Court power to review or over-ride the terms or conditions of existing leases, and to grant to any applicant the right to work minerals, and to compel by order, where after hearing it has been found necessary or desirable, the amalgamation of collieries. The Prime Minister practically adopts this suggestion of compulsion after a period of three years' experiment. (3) A subsidy not exceeding £3,000,000 to help to bridge the gap, either by paying wages or otherwise assisting colliers thrown out of work. (4) A double mineral duty. Here it is desirable to remove a common confusion, entertained by many writers and speakers, between the owners of the minerals and the companies which own and work the colliery. Except in a few cases, like that of the Seaham Collieries of Lord Londonderry, the owners of the mineral ore beneath the ground grant mining leases to individuals or companies to operate and bring up the coal. In consideration of these leases the colliery company pays a duty of so much a ton, called a royalty, which varies from 3d. to 9d., averaging 6d., which royalties are subject to a separate income tax. Mr. Baldwin's proposal is to take the place of a remedy recommended by some that the State should purchase at a capital value these royalties. It may be added that these royalty owners have nothing whatever

to do with the dispute between the miners and the colliery proprietors. They are interested but passive spectators.

THE above may be said to be the present policy of the Government. But there are two other important, and kindred policies brought forward by Mr. Hartshorn, the President of the South Wales Miners' Federation, and Sir Alfred Mond. Mr. Hartshorn proposes what he calls the unification of the coal industry under a central managing trust. Sir Alfred Mond proposes the formation of a Central Selling Agency, which shall control the transport and marketing of coal, both for home consumption and for export. Both these policies are what a daily paper dubs "trustification." The answer is that unification or trustification looks very well on paper, but is very difficult, and would take a long time to carry into practice. Both these gentlemen might learn a lesson from the failure of the rubber plantation companies to form a central selling agency, or to combine in any shape or form. There are some 400 colliery companies, and more than that number of rubber companies. How are you to get 400 boards of directors to agree to pool their produce, and to surrender the control of their business to a central trust? The rubber companies have tried to do the thing for ten years, and have failed, and they had to deal with labour in the Far East, and with a commodity that is a luxury, not a necessary. Is it likely that 400 colliery proprietors dealing with over a million British workmen under the dictates of a powerful Trade Union and producing a necessary commodity, will succeed in combining under one management? The rubber companies were only saved from disaster by a decree restricting output issued by the Colonial Office, to the Colonial Governments. Are we prepared to apply coercive Government action to the production of coal?

Other Remedies

IT is truer than most historical generalizations that political parties are nearly always ruined by the quarrels and follies of their leaders. The dual control of Joseph Chamberlain and Arthur Balfour, both men of supreme ability, split

Leadership of the Liberal Party

the Unionist party from crown to toe in 1905. Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George between them have smashed the Liberal party by their dual and rival policies during the last fifteen years.

The world has recently been entertained by a new comedy or farce, for the border line is faint, entitled "Lloyd George, be good." No better actor of the title-rôle could be found than the ex-Prime Minister of the Coalition Cabinet, and the curtain fell amidst general applause. It does not matter much who is to lead a party which at present does not exist, and does not seem likely to exist in any period of time worth reckoning. Mr. Lloyd George is ten years younger than Lord Oxford, and has still abundant vitality. Everybody is pleased to know that Lord Oxford's illness was not serious; but the most robust health will not produce a party or a policy, when constructive vigour is going. Serious and moderate Liberals, of the commercial or religious brand, will surely follow Mr. Baldwin at the next election. Liberals who are not serious or moderate may cling to Mr. Lloyd George's jokes and cheques, or they may join the Labour-Socialists. The British nation is so accustomed to the two-party system that it is not likely to tolerate a middleman. Sir John Simon has one of the subtlest brains at the Bar, and an exceptional gift of clear exposition. But the defects of these qualities are caution and pure rationality, which never has made for popularity in the House of Commons or on the platform. Mr. Baldwin ought to offer him the first vacancy in high judicial office, though the sacrifice of income might deter him.

The Council of Empire

WEEKS and months have passed since the Government first announced its intention of summoning an Imperial Conference for October, and yet—so far as practical politics are concerned—everything remains very much in the clouds. Beyond the promise of a full discussion on the Treaty of Locarno, nothing has been suggested in the way of business to lay before the visiting Prime Ministers, and if any attempt has been made to get down to the hard facts of Empire settlement, Imperial defence and other

matters of common concern which are in an admittedly unsatisfactory condition, not a word has been said about it so far. Nobody will deny the vital importance of Locarno to the Empire as a whole, and to its component parts as individuals, but at this stage of the game a debate on the principles involved in its signature is surely a little academic, and the public—both in the Mother Country and, still more so, in the Dominions overseas—will anxiously await some more tangible fare to discuss at the round table of the Conference. In any case, Locarno and its implications have already been talked threadbare in the different Parliaments of the Empire. In Canada and in South Africa the debates have been made the occasion for the usual perfervid insistence on the blessed word "status." There have been the customary claims that Empire treaties, to be binding on any one Dominion, must be ratified by its Parliament (which nobody denies), and the familiar boasts that the honourable member for Red Cat Gulch or Backveld North refuses to be dragged at the heels of Imperialism (which nobody suggests). No doubt these ancient bogies are erected for party purposes, and nobody objects to the energy of those who so earnestly bowl them over. At the same time, it is clear that the cry of "Dominion status" comes more insistently from Canada and South Africa than it does from other parts of the Empire. Australia seems content to let matters take their normal course without waving flags about it, and in New Zealand Mr. Coates is carrying on the faithful doctrine of "put thy trust in the Mother Country." That was Mr. Massey's creed. If the vague prospect of the Conference does lead to business, it looks very much as if a *bloc* composed of Mr. King, General Hertzog and Mr. Cosgrave will infuse a certain liveliness into the proceedings by their challenge to the old order.

Hail and Farewell

No doubt, if such a state of things came to pass, Mr. King would be the spear-head of the storming party. But will he still be entitled to speak for Canada in October? That is the question which is agitating the Canadian elector. His narrow victory at the polls last year led to a state of what was

practically "as you were" at Ottawa. For the first few weeks of the Session he appeared to be consolidating his precarious position, and the appointment of Mr. Dunning—the farmer-Liberal Premier of Saskatchewan—to his Cabinet materially strengthened his hand in the West. But an unsavoury revelation of Customs irregularities under the last regime has dealt a damaging blow to the Government's prestige and at the moment everything seems to have gone back into the melting pot. The one subject on which all parties in Canada seem agreed is the general regret at the approaching departure of Lord Byng, the Governor-General. Many a good soldier in the Empire's history has found that the job of Pro-Consul is by no means a short cut to an increased reputation. Lord Byng, however, is ending a very difficult term of office (during which he had to juggle with the constant task of trying to keep the balance in a three-party system) with the respect of all sections of the community and the affection of everyone with whom he came into contact. Never has a Governor-General of a Dominion travelled more—he has met, and on their own ground, the *habitants* of Quebec, the "wheat-miners" of the prairies, the trappers of Northern Alberta, and even the Esquimaux of Aklavik and the Arctic Circle. His leadership of the Canadians in war was, of course, a great asset to him when it came to renewing associations in time of peace, and wherever he went he was greeted and cheered by "Byng Boys" who had followed him to victory at Vimy Ridge. But headquarters in France and headquarters at Ottawa are a long way apart, and it is to Lord Byng's lasting honour that he was so great a success at both. Fortunately the appointment of Lord Willingdon as his successor has been hailed with satisfaction throughout the Dominion.

M. Caillaux's Return

ANOTHER French Cabinet crisis has passed. Some months ago M. Caillaux announced that he would not accept responsibility for French finances except upon his own terms of virtual dictatorship. How far he will be able to impose his will upon the various groups who compose the chamber remains to be seen, but he will not fail from lack of

courage and he has made a dramatic beginning by superseding the Governor of the Bank of France by his own nominee. The situation is so desperate that only drastic measures can succeed, and this fact is so universally recognized in France, outside of the ranks of the futile Cartel, that M. Caillaux may at last be able to achieve his purpose. It is a thousand pities that his personal antagonism to France's other strong man, M. Poincaré, has prevented their co-operation under the astute leadership of M. Briand in the task of extricating the country from its grave difficulties. This combination, had it been possible, would have offered the greatest prospects of success. Our readers will remember that both of these forceful men have lately contributed an illuminating article on the problem of French government to this REVIEW. It is hard to judge of the conduct of public men in regard to their personal relations without knowledge of all the facts. But it is impossible not to feel that, in refusing to co-operate with M. Poincaré, M. Caillaux has done himself, as well as his country, a disservice. M. Caillaux will be judged by the result of his efforts to stabilize the franc. Factious opposition from the Parliamentary groups will, if necessary, be brushed aside by the prorogation of Parliament and government by decree. If the drastic measures contemplated succeed in saving the franc, the support of the peasants is assured, and the protests of the party politician will be idle.

THE attitude of the peasants may be judged from the following note sent to us by an English correspondent in France:

The Prosperous Peasant

After all, a great part of the riches of France are in the country; one finds everywhere the farmer and smallholder doing well, accumulating wealth, not in the shape of paper money so much as in material things. Collectively, in the shape of new roads, water power and so forth; individually, in adding to their lands by reclamation, irrigation, etc., to their stocks and farm buildings. The land is richer and cleaner, the crops are good—witness last year with less acreage under wheat, but a heavier crop than before the war. To Port Vendres come English steamers with nitrate; and more is passing through the port now than

before the war, though the world-price is higher and the franc 160 against 25.

There is, of course, a great deal of distrust of the politicians; country folk look upon them here no more favourably than our own; but whereas in England agricultural interests are of little account, here they are the dominating factor, and not even the Cartel has had courage to interfere with them.

One gathers on the whole that, as the fall of the franc has not yet seriously affected them, they are content to wait; after all, the countryside is in good shape; much wealth is being created, and communications, electrification of railways, going on. There are no people out of work; many foreigners are helping to add to the wealth of the country.

Only when things get too bad, will they rouse up and make a clean sweep of their present representatives; but whether this is to be a replacement of the professional politicians by honest men or an autocrat is a question very difficult to get an answer to.

That question is already on the way to being answered. France is very near an autocracy. If it can secure the support of a prosperous peasantry, the party politicians may have a long holiday.

Polish Problems

Too little attention generally is paid in this country to developments in Poland, partly, no doubt, because it is not recognized that Polish stability or instability is a very important factor in general European stability. Poland is very much an "entity in the making" despite her long national history. But the process of crystallization nowadays is more than ever a problem of finance. To put it briefly, Poland can do a great deal to help herself by developing her own internal sources of credit, but it is improbable that she can achieve eventual economic stability without outside aid. That aid is not very likely to be forthcoming in the ordinary way of international transactions until there is increased confidence in her political progress and economic administration. It is conceivable, on the other hand, that these desiderata are themselves difficult to attain without external financial aid. If that is not to be had in the ordinary way, there would remain the possibility of a loan based on a League guarantee, as in the cases of Austria and Hungary. This, however, would involve some kind of League control, and it is natural that Poles generally should resent the

lack of confidence in their own national abilities which such control would imply. The virtual dictatorship which Marshal Pilsudski does, in practice, exercise may enable him to enforce such reforms as will restore confidence in the zloty. The situation should not be judged in the light of messages deriving from Berlin, because the Polish-German antagonism shows no signs of lessening. In her external relations, however, Poland since the *coup d'état* shows a continuation of the Locarnist policy. Her new foreign minister, M. Zaleski, graduated in political science and economics at London University and was in close touch with western diplomacy during the war. He was a member of the Polish delegation at Versailles and has since seen diplomatic service in Berne, Athens, and Rome.

The German Referendum

Less than fifteen millions out of forty millions of men and women holding the German franchise supported the proposal to seize without compensation all the property of the exiled or abdicated German Royal houses. The most curious feature, however, of the Referendum was that the original proposal had been put forward by extremists with no expectation that it would be put into force. But as a matter of fact, it seized on the popular imagination, and produced as violent an electioneering campaign as any that Germany has known under the Republic. It was converted, not into a fiscal question, but into a contest between Monarchists and Republicans, the latter for the time being extended to include extreme Socialists and Communists. The issue was necessarily confused, because a great many people who were certain to have supported a more moderate measure of confiscation saw in the extreme proposal actually put to the vote the thin end of a Communist or Bolshevist wedge, directed against the sanctity of private property generally. The Monarchists were not slow to make use of this argument, which incidentally was supported by the unauthorized publication of a private letter from the revered President Hindenburg. It is true that, even if the necessary twenty million voters had supported the proposal for pure confiscation, so severe a measure would hardly have

been put into force, since the question rests, in the last resort, not with the Central Government, but with the individual States of the Reich. Nevertheless, it is tolerably certain that the existence of a majority in favour of confiscation could, and would, have been used as a useful precedent for advocating other Socialist measures of the Capital Levy type, or along the lines of Nationalization. The latter not unnaturally tends to be a bogey, though of late a rather more distant one, to German Industrialists, who have not forgotten the panic occasioned by Nationalization proposals made after the Revolution. However much, therefore, the actual threat of confiscation may have been exploited for party purposes, there does not seem very much doubt that an affirmatory result of the referendum would have had a detrimental effect upon German credit, both at home and abroad. Some of the Republicans, who urged their supporters not to abstain from voting altogether, did so chiefly out of opposition to the Nationalist and Monarchist parole, which was "Stay at home." On the whole, it is not likely that the result can be claimed either by Monarchists or Republicans as a victory for their political creed. But it is clear that those who seriously intended confiscation endeavoured to popularize that measure by appealing to the basest instinct of spoliation. It appeared uncertain at the time of writing whether Dr. Marx's Government would secure a majority in the existing Reichstag for their alternative proposal, which would accord a modified indemnity to the Princes, or whether there would be a fresh appeal to the country. It is noteworthy that the German electorate generally are heartily sick of electoral appeals, which, either for Reichstag purposes or for the Diets of the various States, have followed one another with too great frequency since 1919.

Defections from the League

It is never pleasant and hardly ever helpful to criticize the supposed motives of Powers who in international affairs elect to become non-co-operators. But the action of Brazil in rejecting the compromise on her claim to a permanent seat on the League Council offered by

Viscount Cecil indicates an unfortunate misconception on the part of the Brazilian Government of the purposes for which the League exists. Reduced to essentials, the action of Brazil in withdrawing from the League, wherein she may yet be followed by Spain, arises not from any serious complaint against the operation of the League or the Council in international affairs, but from a sense of injured pride over technical terminology. "Brazil not a great Power?" asks the indignant Brazilian, and forthwith reckons up acreage, population, exports, political stability—what you will. It is apparent that "Great Power" in the League sense at all times connoted œcumenical interests rather than acreage, population, armed power or the like. The Chinese delegate entertainingly suggested that, if armed power were intended, China at the present time can show more trained and equipped troops in the field than any other nation on earth. But the Brazilian mistake, surely, lies in supposing that the League can be used for the advancement of national prestige without destroying both its character and its authority. Naturally, in any assemblage of the kind diplomats will seek national advantage or the protection of national interests simply because nationalism and not internationalism remains the guiding force in the world's affairs. But national interests can be served by utilizing the League as a useful common meeting-ground and, in some degree, as a lightning-conductor. It is not—and shows no immediate likelihood of being—an effective instrument of international administration with the Council as its executive. Regarded as a solvent by contact, the Council itself ceases to present that aspect which might make the question of a permanent or semi-permanent seat one of international prestige. It is hoped that Brazil will yet find herself able—if not now, then at least after a short interval—to resume her co-operation.

The Free State and the Strike

"ENGLAND'S difficulty" did not prove to be "Ireland's opportunity" during the recent general strike in Great Britain, in accordance with the time-honoured procedure. The "opportunity" had not time to develop. The revolutionary elements in Irish labour were obviously

taken unawares, and the Free State Government simply did nothing, being apparently much in the same position. Trade in the Free State would have become completely disorganized had the strike continued for any length of time. Actually it was confined to the employees of the L. M. & S. Railway on Carlisle Pier at Kingstown. It is significant that no official protection was forthcoming when a band of roughs invaded the pier. This may have been due to the natural reluctance of the Free State Government to being stampeded into taking sides. The enterprising manager of the B. & I. S.S. Company made the public-spirited suggestion that special arrangements should be made for forwarding food supplies to Great Britain, but the Free State Government would not consider the matter until it was approached by the British Government.

The Question of Money

MEANWHILE conditions in the Free State continue to go from bad to worse. The position of the farming community, which forms the bulk of the population, is serious in the extreme. Credit has long ceased to exist, and all purchases of the essentials of farming have to be paid for in cash, while the demands of the tax-gatherer and Government official more than absorb any available cash. The position is reflected in the recently published comparative figures. During the first four months of the following years, the Dublin banks' clearings were: 1923, £107,644,800; 1924, £95,577,200; 1925, £90,604,900; 1926, £82,519,300; and the excess of imports over exports was: 1924, £7,436,129; 1925, £8,102,059; 1926, £8,920,327.

The immediate need of the Free State Government is to raise the necessary money with which to carry on, whether by loan or otherwise. There is little talk of a loan, for obvious reasons. Politically the policy of the Free State Government has been independence of Great Britain. The one matter in which they have so far advanced with caution has been the assertion of independence from the British monetary system. They have appointed a Banking and Currency Commission to inquire into the whole position, and have passed a Bill authorizing the provision and issue of a silver, nickel, and bronze

token coinage. If these coins are to maintain an equal purchasing power with the British coins at present in circulation, they must be capable of being converted at will into British Treasury Notes. The question at once arises: How can the Free State Government regulate the number of British Treasury Notes available? If they cannot, they will be forced to issue their own notes and establish a separate currency. The public are notoriously apathetic in their attitude towards questions of the kind, which are regarded as highly technical, but which vitally affect every one of them. The Free State Government have, no doubt, stated that they do not intend to establish a separate currency, but that they are toying with the question is evident from the warning issued by Professor H. Parker Willis, the well-known American economist, who is acting as chairman of the Commission. Speaking in Dublin on the 9th June last, he said:

> The business man's most essential need in connection with currency is that his unit of value and his standard of value shall be identical with those of the people with whom he does most of his business. Nothing is so disturbing to trade and so great a hindrance to success in all importing and exporting as the existence of the varying unit, or the development of an exchange premium or discount upon the currency unit of a given country. Lack of uniformity in the unit of value is, in itself, a severe handicap to business, but to have such variation in unit accompanied by variation in value, giving rise to exchange premiums, is almost a disaster. . . .

Apart from political motives the existence of a separate currency would offer a ready road of escape to the Free State Government in their financial difficulties. Inflation provides a very simple form of capital levy. If by increasing the existing note issue by a half, the necessary millions can be found to replenish the Exchequer, the day of reckoning can be postponed. The consequences of such a course would obviously be disastrous. The value of the £ would at once fall from 20s. to 13s. 4d., and apart from the demoralizing results in the Free State itself, the reactions on trade between the Free State and the United Kingdom would be far-reaching. The dream of an independent Ireland, as seen through Sinn Fein eyes, is a long way off, but the gamble may be considered worth while in order to sustain the conception for a little longer.

ALTHOUGH at first sight the connection between fruit and Empire settlement is not very apparent, there is in reality a very intimate relationship. Fruit-growing in the Dominions permits a much more intensive form of settlement than other forms of cultivation, and it is, therefore, particularly well suited to people of gregarious habit, like the town-bred folk of such highly urbanized countries as ours. In addition, by affording local markets, closely settled fruit lands play a useful part in stimulating general farming and stock raising in their immediate vicinity. Consequently it is very important that the fruit trade of the Empire should be organized on the most efficient basis in regard to transport and marketing. This subject has been engaging the attention of the Imperial Economic Committee for the past year, and a very comprehensive and instructive report (Cmd. 2,658) of 274 pages has now been published. Out of £48,300,000 worth of fruit imported by Great Britain in 1924, no less than £38,500,000 was paid to foreign countries, including £11,000,000 to the United States, and nearly £9,000,000 to Spain. On the other hand, the foreign countries which principally supply fruit to the United Kingdom bought British goods to the value of only 7s. to 19s. per head of their populations, whereas the Empire fruit-growing countries bought from £2 10s. to £17 per head worth of British manufactures. To facilitate settlement of the Dominions and to increase the oversea demand for British goods it is, therefore, good business to endeavour to replace foreign by Empire-grown fruit.

Empire Fruit Marketing

IN the details of apples, bananas, and canned fruits the British market is dominated by American interests. The overspill of apples and canned fruit from the United States, although only a small proportion of their total production, is large enough in some years to force down prices in this country to an unremunerative level. Our supply of bananas is regulated with a view to maintaining the desired price. Spain largely controls oranges, and Greece is in a similar position in respect of currants. Debarred by its terms of reference from making recom-

Foreign Domination

mendations regarding preferential tariffs and by "most favoured nation" clauses, taken in conjunction with the recent Anglo-German trade treaty, from suggesting a system of import licences, the Imperial Economic Committee was forced, as in the case of meat, to fall back upon the policy of developing voluntary preference on the part of the consumer, based on the organization of the producer within the Empire, and the mobilization of the consumer within the United Kingdom. Another notable point is that the cost of distribution of fruit in the United Kingdom is, on an average, about equal to the whole cost of growing, carrying, and handling up to, and inclusive of, the primary sale in this country. This is a matter for the Food Council to investigate, for it is clearly of great importance to the consumer here and the grower oversea. Research into the causes and prevention of deterioration during transit and storage is also needed.

Relations with Russia

By Ernest Remnant

THE strong tide of feeling in favour of ending the trade agreement with Russia and ejecting the representatives of the Soviet is a welcome renewal of the country's protest against Bolshevik intrigue at the last election. For the easy-going apathy of our pre-war prosperity has been followed during the post-war period of disillusionment and difficulties by an unwonted carelessness about considerations of national honour. The shameful neglect, for instance, of the just claims of the Southern Irish Loyalists and of the civilian sufferers from war damage is otherwise inexplicable.

But it is precisely because the indignation raised to boiling-point by the Soviet's contribution to the strike is so widespread and so overwhelmingly justified that it is necessary to examine calmly the pros and cons of the obvious measures of retaliation. In the policy of nations, as in the affairs of individuals, emotional impulses are seldom safe guides to conduct.

Writing in this REVIEW in September 1924, on the Socialist Government's decision to recognize Russia, I described it as the most humiliating treaty in the annals of Great Britain. That, I believe, accurately reflects the majority of opinion in the country to-day. Probably no member of the present Cabinet or of the Conservative party in the House of Commons has any feelings but of detestation and contempt for the corrupt oligarchy known as the Soviet Government of Russia.

Both Lord Balfour and Sir William Joynson-Hicks have expressed their doubts as to the wisdom of having entered into the treaties with Russia, the responsibility for which rests upon Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Robert Horne, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and Mr. Ponsonby. But Lord Balfour has pointed out there is a great difference between tearing up a treaty and refraining from making one, and Sir William Joynson-Hicks has plainly intimated that the Government will not shrink from abrogation of the

agreement, should such a course in their opinion become necessary in British interests. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that hesitation to take extreme measures now is, as has been suggested, dictated by any obscure influence. It is patently inspired by nothing but a reluctant recognition of the fact that British interests might not best be served by a step calculated to "produce disturbance which might go far beyond the confines of Russia or of this country."

In an article published in this number of the REVIEW, which gains weight from its modest disclaimer of authority, Captain Bourne, just returned from Moscow, states his opinion that the Soviet Government is an established fact with which we may have to reckon for a considerable period. Its stability depends upon the Red Army, the secret and terrorist police, and the fatalistic inertia of the Russian people. There seems, unhappily, no reason to suppose either that the unscrupulous but able scoundrels who rule Russia will yet lose grip of the instruments of their power, or that the mass of the people will develop capacities for initiative and organization which they have never hitherto displayed. We are thus faced with a *de facto* and presumably stable government in Russia, and a treaty which permits it to be represented here by an organization carrying on a certain amount of trade.

After Lord Balfour's unsparing exposure and denunciation of Bolshevik policy, and his declaration that its objects and intrigues were so well known that we had nothing to fear from them, it can hardly be pretended that the British Foreign Office is in any danger of being hypnotized by Soviet agents like the various Chinese adventurers who have listened to their promises and taken their gold. The Soviet representatives are here on sufferance, they are not accorded either full diplomatic status, or social recognition in London. They are only, indeed, permitted to exercise at arm's length limited official functions, most of which in their absence would still have to be carried on in some more difficult and roundabout way, possibly in Paris. Some British trade is done in Russia, and some British subjects have interests in Russia apart from those only concerned in, so far, irrecoverable claims. A British mission

is established at Moscow, and its withdrawal could not but render the protection of British interests past, present, and future more difficult.

The Soviet Government undoubtedly places some value upon the limited measure of recognition which it has received. If we firmly restrict it to these limits, it is difficult to see how it can do us any greater harm by subversive political propaganda than if we denounced the agreement. Means would still be found to export both money and propaganda, so long, at least, as money is available, and it must be running short. To a certain extent it is likely that the fear of forfeiting their precarious foothold in this country may serve to check their political designs. As Captain Bourne has noted, there are two parties in the Soviet, one fanatically devoted to the idea of world revolution, the other, inclined to pursue a more intelligent and realizable policy. If the former gain and keep the upper hand, it will not be long before the British agreement is ended. In the possible alternative, it may yet yield useful results.

The situation is, perhaps, without precedent. All pretence has been stripped from the absurd contention of the Soviet Government and of their apologists here that they have not broken their agreement, and are not responsible for the remittance of money to promote revolution in this country. Similar action on the part of Germany, for instance, prior to 1914, must have been instantly followed by a declaration of war. There is, indeed, not the least doubt that the Soviet's act constitutes a *casus belli*. But does anyone advocate war with Russia? And if not, what is to be gained by cutting off relations virtually limited to the conduct of merely consular and trading functions?

It is widely, but I think mistakenly, assumed that all Bolshevik influence and propaganda would cease in this country were these official relations ended. It is, perhaps, equally mistaken to suppose that it would in that case be intensified or, as Mr. Hilton Young suggested, "driven underground." Its roots are underground already, and will remain and multiply until they are extirpated by drastic Government action whether Arcos and Chesham House are abolished or not. Successive

governments have been too disinclined to grasp the nettle of sedition, and it would be foolish to deny that we have a home-grown variety of the weed. Any single propagandist action on the part of any member of the Soviet organization in England should be followed by his summary expulsion. There need be no pretence that the whole personnel are upon any higher plane than ticket-of-leave men granted conditional freedom to perform useful work so long as they observe the conditions. As M. Auguste Gauvain wrote the other day in the *Débats*, the Soviet Government is in moral quarantine, and there is no reason why this should not be as strictly maintained as the *cordon sanitaire* which the League of Nations has organized against the spread of physical disease from Russia to Western Europe. The Government's hair-splitting distinction between the remission of funds from Russia to promote an "illegal" general strike and contributions to the "legal" coal strike is both feeble and absurd. Both were equally political in their object and admittedly emanated from the Soviet Government. The right and the duty of any government to prevent another *government* from subsidizing internal strife amongst its people are unquestionable. The one should have been stopped as much as the other.

That is, I hope, a fair statement of the common-sense view of the case as it affects our immediate interests and as epitomized by Lord Balfour's question: What obvious advantage would be gained by breaking off all relations with Russia at the present time? It is doubtful whether any convincing answer will be forthcoming either to this question or to his statement, endorsed by Sir Austen Chamberlain, that, while involving certain dangers, a complete rupture would carry with it no substantial advantage and lead to nothing.

Larger considerations remain to be weighed. Germany has just concluded a treaty with Russia, and to Germany will naturally fall the greatest opportunity of exploiting Russia when their relative positions of consolidation and disintegration have further developed. Poland, dangerously unstable and regarded equally by Germany and Russia as their natural prey, is, nevertheless, an integral part of the shaky edifice erected by the

Treaty of Versailles, which it is the chief concern of the League of Nations to protect. Even more important, perhaps, is the fact that Poland is the corner-stone of the French scheme of a balance of power in Europe. It is only necessary to consider recent events in Poland, and the political crisis in France, likely to be worse before stability is reached, together with the possibly sinister effects of the German-Soviet treaty, to realize the wisdom of Lord Balfour's warning. This, certainly, is not the moment to add a single disturbing factor to the extremely delicate complications of international politics.

Mr. Churchill has done well to warn financial adventurers that their speculations in Russia must be entirely at their own risk, and that in no circumstances will the British Treasury accept responsibility if they are defrauded. If, or whenever, the time should come that Russia is prepared to honour her liabilities, the first duty of the British Government will be to secure, as far as may be possible, the prior claims of those who dealt with Russia in good faith. Those who choose to give credit to a defiant bankrupt and trader in stolen goods must take their chance of a diplomatic rupture which would leave them without even nominal protection.

In the following article Mr. Noel Skelton refers to the irksome difficulty of explaining to democracy problems of high policy which it has seldom either the knowledge or even the desire to understand. It is quite clear that both the Government and the Foreign Office are apprised of all the facts and have weighed the problem in all its aspects, some of which are but little generally understood. There can be no question of their being deceived, and certainly no danger, as with their Socialist predecessors, of the slightest sympathy or collusion with the Bolsheviks. If, then, the Government counsel patience, the country should have confidence in their judgment. They will take a very long spoon to sup with the devil.

The Safeguarding of British Democracy

By Noel Skelton, M.P.

A NEW chapter in the history of political ideas has opened. An immense new fact has appeared in Europe. Democratic government, for which the great war was going "to make the world safe," is being discarded by a whole group of Continental nations. The rise of a series of dictatorships in the Latin or Roman Catholic nations of Europe would perhaps, in itself, be nothing very significant or unexpected, for it would only be extending to the old world what has for years been the rule in Latin America. But this is no case of—

> The good old rule, the simple plan
> That they should take who have the power
> And they should keep who can.

The Mediterranean dictators of to-day are not mere political bandits, raising themselves out of a welter of disorder and crime and bloodshed, to rule by fear and the sword. If they were, they would not be worth a moment's discussion.

The new fact is something very different. It is the formulation of a new political philosophy, carefully reasoned, powerfully argued, passionately held, which is being put into practice with lightning speed and apparently with the full consent of the people concerned. The world is witnessing, in truth, a movement without parallel in Europe since the Counter-Reformation, in which authoritarianism in religion, reforming and remodelling itself under the stern and far-sighted principles of the Jesuit organization, first checked and then confined to the Teutonic countries the whole body of spiritual ideas which had found expression in the Reformation. And, indeed, even that analogy fails, for the Counter-Reformation only turned the scale in favour of Catholicism in some of the countries, such particularly as France, where the issue was doubtful. But the new political authoritarianism has already done more. Apart from such easy victories as the happy dispatch of Parliamentary forms in Spain, Greece, and now, perhaps, in Portugal, it has destroyed, amidst popular acclamation,

democratic and representative institutions in Italy, the country where in the nineteenth century their triumph, under the inspiration of Mazzini, and through the practical statesmanship of Cavour, was the most solid and established success which the democratic movement achieved. Here, then, is no black frost of reaction nipping in the bud a young and delicate shoot. The new authoritarianism claims to be, and bears all the marks of being, an evolutionary movement discarding and supplanting an outworn form. The whole status of the democratic theory has already, in the eyes of the world, been changed by its advent, for democracy is no longer the young Siegfried: it is held up to scorn as the old, effete, disillusioned and dispossessed Wotan. The clash of the new-forged sword upon the ancient spear can be clearly heard in the utterances of Signor Mussolini, with their energy, their driving force, their robust and searching intellectual power.

What then is the new Gospel of authoritarianism to which Fascism has given both philosophical and material form? It is that the individual citizens exist for the State, not the State for the individual citizens; that it is the function of the State, with which the individual citizens have no concern, to govern the nation, and particularly to dispense order, justice, security to all alike. The Fascist authoritarian State is to have the same absolute though beneficent control of the civil life of the individual citizen which the Church of Rome claims to exercise over his spiritual and religious life. There is, it would seem, nothing very new in this. But the reincarnated authoritarianism follows a hundred and fifty years of democratic thought and action, which have destroyed "feudalism," destroyed class privilege, and have impregnated all political philosophy with the idea of political equality. Something has been done which cannot wholly be undone. Fascism accepts the aims and ambitions of the democracy it supersedes, but declares that they cannot succeed except through authoritarianism. Only by bowing to the domination of the State can man be free, equal, and brotherly, for the liberty of democracy is not free, its equality is unequal, its fraternity unbrotherly. "He that loses his liberty," in effect says Fascism, "shall find it."

It would be easy to suggest that, like the Counter-Reformation, the new political authoritarianism would only prevail in countries whose civilization and religion rest upon the Roman Empire and the Catholic Church. Perhaps democracy was fated to languish wherever spiritual and religious life and traditions are interwoven with the theory of authoritarianism—where, in the deepest, most intimate, most personal aspect of the individual's life, a special class of spiritual experts knows better than himself what is good for him. And, moreover, in a Catholic country, democracy must always bear an ineradicable taint of being contrary to morals; for morals and the Church, the Church and the rule of authority are all synonymous. Where spiritual independence is a sin, is it possible for civil liberty not to be suspect? At any rate, it is clear that under Fascism the civil and the religious life of the Italians has acquired a new harmony. The amazing release of energy produced by the Fascist Revolution suggests strongly that the Italian is now at peace with himself. If that were all, however, if the new political philosophy had a Mediterranean application only, it would be superfluous to consider whether here in Britain democracy needs safeguarding.

But is it all? Is there not spreading in England also an opinion that democracy is outworn? Has not this political Counter-Reformation camp-followers here—a rabble of political Anglo-Catholics? And further, does it not come at a time and from a country which ensure the exercise in England of the maximum of influence?

For it happens, firstly, that in England to-day, democratic principles, if their open and avowed enemies are few, rather lack effective and unreserved supporters. Thus of the organized parties in the country, Socialism, whatever its protestations may be, is intrinsically anti-democratic. Liberalism is, by its nature, less at ease and less efficient in defending existing institutions than in advocating change. And the Conservative Party, though its instinct is to rally to the defence of any threatened institution, has always contained a school of thought, not even yet extirpated, which tolerates rather than approves democratic government, and in consequence its defence of it might well be less spontaneous, less whole-hearted, than of any other existing institutions.

It is not, indeed, the failure of democratic government that has caused the present vague distaste for it here. It is the immense labour involved in its successful conduct. Long ago Lord Balfour described democracy as "Government by explanation." The process of explanation is intolerably tedious to many politicians: it consumes an amazing amount of time and energy: it seems to have no necessary connection with the work of government—indeed to be rather opposed to the idea of governing. The work of guiding and of satisfying public opinion is to the bureaucratic or the quarter-deck mind both degrading and superfluous. And there is a kind of intellectual contempt common in the "educated" man for the "uneducated," in the expert for the amateur, which makes the former believe that, however clear their explanations may be, they will never be understood by the latter. And the burden has been much increased by the extension of the franchise in 1918. It is still readily borne by those who care for democracy; for those who dislike it or fear it or only tolerate it, it is heavy, irksome, and galling.

At such a moment, Italy discards democracy. The repercussion in England cannot but be immense. When in Russia, a corrupt was exchanged for a murderous autocracy, the democratic principle was unaffected, because no one could suppose that Russia was ready for free institutions. But the repudiation of democratic government by Italy is another matter. For of Continental countries, Italy is dearest to educated English men and women, not only because of all England, that since the Renaissance, has learnt from Italy in cultivation, in learning, in the arts, but because in the nineteenth century the Italians, alone of European peoples, definitely adopted the English rather than the French view of democratic and constitutional institutions. By the Russian Revolution only what is worst in England was attracted. It is to the culture, the thought, the leading minds, the best of England that an Italian movement makes its appeal. And who, indeed, with any gleam of historic imagination could not but be profoundly moved when modern Italy flings aside democracy and calls to her councils the civic spirit and tradition—so powerful, so penetrating, so majestic—of ancient Rome?

Therefore the question must be considered—though not long since it would have seemed fantastic, Is democracy worth preserving in England, and if so, how is it to be strengthened and safeguarded?

What, in fact, is the essential virtue, the core, the inner value of democracy? Why retain a system which superimposes on the work of governing the separate distracting and conflicting duty of explaining? No doubt many answers might be given. It could be pointed out, as the late Lord Salisbury once pointed out, that democracy is the "safest form of Government," since it is the only machine of government fitted with a safety valve. Dictatorships, for instance, end, as they begin, with revolution. Or, with even greater cogency it might be said that only a democratic system provides for the replacement of one set of rulers by another without either destroying the system, or, as in the case of a hereditary autocracy, involving the risk that folly and incompetence may automatically acquire supreme power. But might not democracy become, in practice, so cumbrous, so ineffective that these hypothetical risks would be worth running? What is it that goes, which cannot be replaced, when democracy goes?

It is nothing less than a whole side of the nature and life of man. The member of a community who has no share in deciding the laws under which he and the community live is, in truth, only half a man. A community may be unfit to govern itself, as Spain, as Greece, as Italy now apparently gladly admit that they are. But between self-government and all other kinds and methods of government lies an immense gulf—the gulf between bearing responsibility and abandoning it. A democracy in being is not of most value as the expression of "the rights of man." Its essential virtue is that through it alone can the citizen fulfil a function of the highest consequence. Of the highest consequence indeed—since it is of consequence to the character both of the citizen and the community, for it is beyond contradiction that the task of deliberating and deciding has upon mind and character an immensely enlarging and strengthening effect. Cut off from all contact with and responsibility for the great decisions of the community, deprived of the function of deliberating and deciding on public affairs,

the life of the citizen inevitably and necessarily is maimed and incomplete. To applaud or to rebel are the only functions left him under any form of authoritarian government. Neither of these, for the growth and development of the human spirit, is a satisfactory substitute. But, of course, the active opponents of democracy never envisage giving up their own share in the vital and vitalizing functions of deliberating and deciding. It is always some class or section other than their own that they point to as unfit for the task. And no wonder, for to abandon voluntarily and of his own motion, his own power of deliberating and deciding is for the citizen in his public capacity the equivalent to putting, in his private, himself and his estate "under trust." In a word, it is, next to the suicide's act, the most complete expression of failure.

To deliberate and to decide are the functions which democracy alone allows the citizen to exercise—which go when democracy goes. In Britain democracy will not fail through the inability of the citizen to exercise them well. Immense and repeated extensions of the franchise, shifting the centre of gravity in the State, demanding, all of a sudden, millions of men and recently of women to take up the citizen's task, leave the character of the British electorate unaltered in its common sense, steadiness, and balance. The danger lies elsewhere. It is that, as education, knowledge, and the other interests of life increase, the decisions to be made may seem too vague, too confused, too ineffective to be worth serious effort and attention. The functions of a democracy must advance step by step with its education and its capacities. No one can doubt, indeed, the "high seriousness" with which the electorate approaches its task of electing a House of Commons, but that decision obviously is limited in scope, to some extent, vague, confused, and ineffective in nature.

To strengthen, invigorate, stabilize democracy something more is needed. The means lies ready to our hand—it is the introduction into the British Constitution of the Referendum, for the direct, effective, definite and final decision of large and fundamental questions. To make changes, however good in theory, except for the solution of some immediate and practical problem, has, indeed, never been the British way. But such a problem

awaits solution. The present position of the House of Lords is admittedly make-shift only. Its future composition and its future powers raise, without the Referendum, a perhaps insoluble problem. With the introduction of the Referendum, however, that problem disappears; for conflicts between the two Houses are solved not by the victory of either, but by the direct decision of the country. That is the practical, special reason for its introduction. Its real, permanent significance will be as the British answer to the new authoritarianism, as the reassertion of our belief that the people of Britain are fit for new and increased political responsibility, as an unmistakable sign that the development of their character and function proceeds uninfluenced and unchecked by the failure of weaker and less wise peoples to carry out the tasks and support the labours of self-government.

And it must be added that the Referendum strengthens and stabilizes democracy, not merely by giving the electorate definite and effective decisions to make, but also because it prevents energetic, extreme and masterful minorities from turning democracy's flank. Against sudden attack by its foes as well as against the risk of slow internal decay, the Referendum is democracy's best conservator.

This said, it is clear that its introduction is a task for Conservatism and the Conservative Party. And is not the time ripe? Have not democratic institutions proved their practical workaday value in the severest of tests—a gigantic world-war and, this very year, an intense domestic peril? For in both, the people of Britain showed very plainly that, in their view, it was their own duty, and not merely their Government's, to overcome the danger. And they have shown too that democratic institutions can produce an executive as firm, as alert, as courageous as any authoritarian State, be it Bolshevik or Fascist.

It remains by establishing the Referendum as the nation's ultimate Court of Appeal to consolidate the ground won. The issue between democracy and the new despotism is already clear. It is for Conservatism to take up the challenge and re-establish as the fundamental axiom of our politics that, however it be elsewhere, in Britain at least, the free citizen is still fit to be master of his own and the community's life.

A Woman's Thoughts on the Strike

By I. M. Bowkley

FEW women have publicly expressed their views on the general strike and the lingering coal dispute. I therefore venture, as one having no shadow of connection with the world of capital and labour, but possibly representing the feminine counterpart of that deeply-involved, but inarticulate being, the-man-in-the—— let us say, in-the-Morris-car—to record a few impressions. Three things seem in an especial sense to be singled out for our everlasting admiration.

First: The B.B.C. was revealed as a new power of the highest efficiency and usefulness in the part it was suddenly called upon to play. "How on earth did we overlook the broadcasting? We must 'get' it at all costs" was no doubt among the earliest of the tooth-gnashings at Ecclestone Square on or about May 3.

Secondly: The special constables. How splendid was their gallant response and their plucky entrance upon duties possibly grave which not even the Home Secretary could forecast! With what pride did one hear the figures mounting day by day into thousands, into tens of thousands! "They're ringing true," one joyously thought.

Lastly: The men who *stayed at work*, the men who *refused to strike*. They did no more than their duty, but it will never be forgotten that they stood firm against cajolery and abuse.

Oh! it was something to have been alive just then! To have seen the British people rising once more superbly to the occasion; to have felt again, as in the early days of the war, emotions, less acute, less tragic, but curiously similar, of national pride shining through all the anxiety, depression, and regret.

How worthy a culmination was the message of the King—whose words, as ever, were instinct with all his own nobility—and the memorable speech of Mr. Baldwin! These, satisfying every instinct, and answering every expectation in listeners already wrought up to a high pitch of anticipation, sank into our souls and roused in us a soaring rush of gratitude, pride, and devotion. Such emotions are necessarily short-lived, but they are the realities of life. Let us see that their memory abides.

The momentous interview, too, between Mr. Baldwin and the T.U.C. gave us a breathless ten minutes. What one noted was that he was brief, and they were lengthy, vague, and involved. It was clear, however, that what they wanted was to get Mr. Baldwin to save their faces, and with his co-operation to pose as very fine fellows. "We have done a big, brave thing in calling our show off," said Mr. Bevin, bluffing to the last, and exhibiting the usual distorted vision of the Socialist. He had better have said: "We deserve the worst you can give us." But no Socialist ever was, or ever will be, a sportsman. (*Our show!* Ye gods!) It struck me also that they wanted to commit Mr. Baldwin to an unconsidered statement which they could hold him to afterwards, if necessary. Mr. Baldwin was not to be drawn. Throughout that week's ordeal—and before and since—he has been beyond praise. "I love that man," burst irrepressibly from the lips of a (male) listener on hearing the restraint, firmness, and patience of his reply to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's inflammatory and uncalled-for outburst in the House of Commons on the night of that same Wednesday.

These things are past, but so little did the strike, considering its magnitude, dislocate our daily life, so short was its duration, so ignominious its defeat, that there is real danger of its seriousness being obscured or overlooked. Let us guard against a false vision; let us see the thing in true perspective as it recedes into history; let us keep our sense of values.

That it was not catastrophic in its consequences was no virtue of the promoters. But "there is some soul of goodness in things evil," and it is all to the good, for instance, to have fixed firmly in people's minds that, whatever Socialists and the greener Liberals may say, strikes are political, and nothing but political. It is twenty years since there was what might be called a "righteous" strike, i.e. one which had for its object the legitimate bettering of industrial conditions.

So far as my observations go, strikes differ in degree, but very little in kind. First, some weeks of very tall talk bristling with threats and military terms; then (to the promoters) the thoroughly enjoyable period of rushing from conference to conference, issuing "orders" to their branches, giving daily "interviews" to the Press,

seeing their photographs in every paper every day, pretending to be anxious, but really bursting with satisfaction in their own importance and publicity. Next, the solemn humbug of the more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger stage: "*We* don't want the strike." (They intend, you see, to make themselves safe both ways.) Finally, comes the sobstuff: "We will fight to the bitter end," etc. In fact, the familiar mixture of whine and bluff.

When it is over, when national progress has been retarded, the cost of living raised, trade damaged, contracts gone abroad, unemployment increased, they tell the workers that they have won a glorious victory. And they proceed to plan the next strike.

Here let me ask: Why is it that sedition-mongers, strikers, and such like, are invariably shielded from the consequences of their own misdeeds? *Why* this preferential treatment? A schoolboy recently said: "If some bounder is preaching sedition and insulting the King, and gets biffed over the head by a Fascist, it's the Fascist who gets arrested, and the bounder goes free." Crude, but true. And what of the trifling sentence on Saklatvala? If two months is the maximum sentence for offences such as his, then the law should be promptly altered.

On the other hand, it may have been the minimum sentence, and if so, why? The strike itself shows a perfect example of what I mean. Here are men who launched a thing which by every practical and moral test was wrong; which might have been catastrophic in its consequences. Yet they are not even to be rebuked. The strikers are taken back without question, the leaders are to meet on equal terms those whose overthrow they planned; and in very fact they have all been covered with a sort of spurious glory and hailed as national heroes in a treacly special-broadcast by Professor Gilbert Murray! Such things destroy the whole meaning of the words "right" and "justice." Professor Murray is, I believe, himself a Socialist or extreme Radical—judging at least by the venom of his utterances against Conservatism. How then could he claim that his opinion was "independent"? He was, in fact, the mouthpiece of the enemy, and it would have been honester to say so.

Equally nauseating was the constant use of the word "loyalty"—connoting all that is best in life and character—in the mouths of the T.U.C. What has happened to

our men that they can be loyal to an evil thing? Where is their intelligence? Where is their sturdy independence? Does it never occur to them to be loyal *to their employer*, who of all men has a right to expect their loyalty? Agitators are for ever calling the British workman a down-trodden wage slave, and other insulting epithets, but it is the trade union to which he is a slave, and to nothing else.

It is incredible, for instance, that the rank and file have never insisted on a secret ballot in trade union business. Their tameness in submitting to the undemocratic and farcical card-vote is only equalled by the impudence of the leaders in imposing it. Did such a system obtain in any "capitalist" undertaking, what howls of rage and righteous indignation would go up from Labour benches and platforms!

The T.U.C. repeatedly stated that the sole object of the strike was to improve the miners' standard of living. That is always the cry of the strike-promoter. But if certain Socialist writings and speeches are to be believed (and sometimes they are), he clearly derives more satisfaction from harassing the employer than from ameliorating the position of the worker. Look back over the past seven years. Who can have failed to be struck by the frequency with which strikes have occurred *on the eve of a revival of trade?* Over and over again in one industry or another has this happened, often on the most flimsy pretext.

It reminds one of what a trade union leader was heard to say some years ago: "What? the miners satisfied? Oh, we'll soon alter that!" In truth, who but the Federation is responsible for the present parlous state of the industry? One need not be an expert to know that high wages are economically sound only in time of general prosperity; and that no prosperity can be achieved unless and until there is an absolute cessation of the strikes, threats, and restricted output under which most of the industries of this country have staggered during a long term of years.

It sounds too simple—too altogether rudimentary to commend itself to those who would scorn being told to wash seven times in the Jordan—to say that, if employees would cease to regard work as an evil and their employer as an enemy, if miners would pull their weight,

accepting the necessary readjustments with good sense and good will, one step at least would have been taken towards the restoration of prosperity and the resultant higher standard and lower cost of living which we all desire to see.

Legislation cannot do it. Reorganization cannot do it. Both are vain without good will.

Meanwhile, it is a reasonable proposition acted upon by all self-respecting people that a man must adapt his mode of living according to his means. Why in the world should not the miners do so? The rest of the community have to. No one *likes* a reduction of income, but mining has always been among the more highly-paid occupations.

In any case, how can an industry be forced, and why should it be asked, to pay a man more than it can afford and therefore more than he is worth?

Economic law is inexorable. The state of an industry alone can decide the standard of living of its employees; and if a man is dissatisfied, he should seek other employment. Unfortunately there is a widespread tendency to claim all the smooth and refuse all the rough—an aspiration both unattainable and morally wrong. A great opportunity to do the right thing is now in the miners' hands. Before, therefore, we overdo our sympathy, let us wait and see. At the moment of writing they are still, in blind and futile obstinacy, blocking the way to recovery. Labour has never objected to cutting off its own nose, if by doing so it can spite someone else's face. Its leaders have done their work well. I have often wondered, indeed, on what grounds the miner, and the worker generally, are so perpetually eulogized for their "sound common sense."

I long to see the miner display some.

If a quality fails when most required, one may be pardoned for supposing it to be atrophied.

Here I should like to quote:

> The old policy of identity of interest between employer and employed must be abolished, and a policy of open hostility installed. Miners must use methods which tend to reduce profits, and one way of doing this is to decrease production while remaining at work.

Infamous and degrading suggestions!

From what diseased and malevolent brain did they emanate? The man who could write that, and the

men who can act upon it are on a level, spiritually and morally, with the idiot boy who picks flies to pieces. It shows all the cunning of the maniac, all the unmorality of the *crétin*. And it is taken from a well-known Labour text-book, "The Miners' Next Step," written by Mr. A. J. Cook and Mr. Noah Ablett.

The T.U.C. constantly tell us with rather suspicious emphasis that their aims were not, and are not, revolutionary. Why then have they permitted the vile endeavour to undermine the loyalty of the troops; to induce them to hate and to disobey (or worse) their officers?

"The frantic efforts now being made to eradicate the loyalty of the working man are, I believe, doomed to failure," wrote Lord Milner in 1922. Perhaps so. But ceaseless propaganda is bound to have its effect. The police strike is now almost forgotten; but let us remember that if Red propaganda could influence a responsible and self-respecting body of men like the police to so grave a dereliction of duty, there is no certainty that others will withstand it.

A strike is, *inter alia*, a forcible expression of political and class hatred, of which revolution is the ultimate objective. And personally I rejoice to see that three great statesmen did not hesitate to call the recent upheaval by its right name. Nor is it the first attempt at revolution, though it is the first on so gigantic a scale. Who has forgotten the Union of Democratic Control before the war? Or the original Council of Direct Action in the last year of the war? Both were determined attempts to substitute a sort of Soviet for constitutional government, and the C.D.A. was "expressly authorized to call for any and every form of withdrawal of labour which circumstances may require to effect Labour policy."* (Yet strikes are not political!) Mr. Thomas, Mr. Clynes, and Mr. Henderson (the three moderates, mark you) were all members of this, and they admitted that it "attacked the basis of the constitution."

One often hears it said by well-meaning folk that Socialists, though mistaken, are sincere. The truth is that a study of their speeches and writings impels the absolute conviction that they are *not* sincere, nor is the truth in them. They are victims of what might be

* "Labour and Democracy Since the War." By J. B. Firth.

called intellectual dishonesty. It clouds all their vision and colours all their speech. I first noticed it years ago when, during a strike (I think, in South Wales), Lord Milner made use of some such expression as "in the event of the military being called out"—perfectly sane and sensible. Next day Labour papers and speeches flamingly asserted, "Lord Milner says 'Shoot 'em down'"! Similar distortion is rampant to-day. It is the agitator's long suit.

A remedy against it would be to sweep away the system by which men can be approached only through some trade union official. Employers should meet their men freely and often; should address them constantly, just as often as, or a little oftener than, the official does; should supply them with sane and informative literature to counteract the poison they are plied with; should ceaselessly endeavour in their own sphere to carry out Disraeli's dictum, "Educate, educate, educate."

While the strike was in progress, one noticed how carefully the men were kept together and shepherded by the local leaders and were constantly ordered about to various places to be addressed and told what to think.

Tragic! Here is the British workman, whom we all *want* to like, who used to be the best fellow in the world, turned by Socialist agitators into a discontented idler, full of suspicion, devoid of pride in his race, his country, and his work.

There are many honourable exceptions, but this is undoubtedly true of a vast number. The better men should have the courage and the spirit to throw off this corrupting influence before they, too, succumb to it. It is simple truth to say that an employee who does not *do his best*, is not earning his wages, is vaguely unhappy, and is in process of demoralization.

It is a commonly-accepted axiom that he who pays the piper calls the tune. Not so the employer of labour. He has no voice in calling the tune for which he pays so heavily. Hours, wages, output, conditions, are all decided by some trade union official who, be it noted, is bound by all his creeds to hate the employer as a capitalist and give him the worst bargain possible.

The employer cannot even dismiss an unsatisfactory hand without risk of a strike. No, the employer has

merely to provide men with work and the means of livelihood, to pay for service often grudged and restricted (Labour does not even *pretend* to be hard-worked), to shoulder the burden of the industry in good times and in bad, and incidentally to wonder whether it is this week or next that his men will be called out, and what will be the pretext this time.

Incredible and inequitable system!

It should be remembered, too, that trade union leaders are *first and foremost* Socialists or Communists, to whom the pushing of their political creed is everything; and in whose eyes no one else has any rights, or wrongs. Now a Socialist (except those whose Socialism is purely academic) may be defined as a man in whom class-hatred is an obsession; a Communist as one in whom it is a disease and a madness.

Finally, it was irresistibly interesting to study, during the strike, the attitude of the three ex-Premiers. Lord Oxford and Asquith was admirable. He "approved the Government's attitude"; he would "co-operate with it." He spoke like a statesman and a patriot. Mr. Lloyd George like neither. What *he* wanted was to please Labour, and not to displease the country; and he wanted the former more than the latter. He has achieved neither. He was obstructive and unhelpful; and is now exerting all his cleverness to redeem his mistake. Mr. MacDonald's most notable act was the production, a fortnight *after* the strike, of an article quite arch-angelic in its pronouncements on the foolishness and wickedness of strikes. Small wonder that he spoke so feelingly of starvation, for he was performing sickening prodigies of deglutition in eating his own words.

Of lesser public men—mayors, town clerks, parish clergy—one heard it said that they were in a difficult position—even that they "had to be impartial." As if the national emergency were a mere debating society topic! Surely everyone's duty had never been more clearly defined. Either they were for the constitution, or against it. It was a matter far transcending any question of impartiality.

There is a point when impartiality becomes a vice. When war is declared, it is a betrayal.

Some Impressions of Soviet Moscow

By Captain R. C. Bourne, M.P.

[*The writer of this article was one of the four Conservative Members of Parliament who recently visited Russia. The other members of the party who signed the report issued to the Press were Sir Frank Nelson, Mr. Robert Boothby, and Colonel Moore. Captain Bourne so far disagreed with their conclusions that he found himself unable to add his signature. His views, expressed in the article below, are therefore of especial interest, and they constitute in effect a minority report. In particular Captain Bourne differs from his colleagues in regard to their judgment of the N.E.P. (New Economic Policy) first instituted by Lenin in the hope of retrieving the disastrous failure of the Marxian Communistic principles upon which the Soviet regime had been founded.*—ED. E.R.]

THERE is an ancient and well-founded distrust of the opinions of travellers, who, after a sojourn of a few weeks or even days in a foreign country, are dogmatic as to the present and future of the State that they have visited. For myself I do not wish to claim any such infallibility, and I am merely attempting to place on record such impressions as I was able to form both from own observation and from conversations held with persons who had a long experience of Russia.

My opportunities of obtaining information were limited by my total inability to speak the Russian language, which necessitated the carrying on of conversations through the medium of an interpreter. Nevertheless, so little is known of present-day conditions in Moscow that I hope that even my very superficial experiences may prove of interest.

The first thing that strikes the traveller is that Moscow is an Oriental rather than a European city, and

that, judged from that standpoint, it is both clean and orderly. It is true that there are many beggars, especially in the neighbourhood of the churches, but there is nothing to confirm the stories that are current about the hordes of starving children swarming over the city. I do not say that these stories are not true, but merely that I saw no evidence to confirm them, although I went on foot at all hours over a large part of the town.

A peculiarity of Moscow is the air of drabness that is all-pervading; a sullen spirit of dejection broods over the city, whilst the gaiety and luxury of Tsarist times have entirely disappeared.

One good feature of the present regime is the care taken of ancient buildings. The damage caused to the Kremlin during the revolution of 1918 has been repaired, and the casual visitor can hardly find any trace to show that this historic fortress was, in fact, bombarded. Moreover, although the Soviet Government is admittedly short of funds, the golden domes and crucifixes on the churches have remained unmolested, despite the fact that in some cases the gold on these domes is over half an inch in thickness, and must be worth an incredible amount of money.

This reference to the churches brings me to the question of the attitude of the Soviet Government towards Christianity. In dealing with this question I must frankly confess that it was a subject on which I could get no reliable information. I was informed that on the occasion of the great May Day celebrations anti-Christian demonstrations had been prohibited by the Government, and certainly I saw no such demonstrations, although the great bulk of the processions passed under my sitting-room window. It was my fortune to be in Moscow during Easter week, and I attended a peculiar service, known as "Kissing the Coffin," on their Good Friday. The behaviour both of the spectators and of the congregation was reverent, not to say devout. At the same time I am bound to confess that in some of the institutions that we visited there were exhibited the most blasphemous posters, and we were told that an anti-Christian propaganda is being carried on with energy behind the scenes.

An interesting feature of modern Moscow is the shops. The great majority of these belong to the State co-operative societies. This term does not exactly express their true functions, but there is no precise equivalent in English. A few of the more expensive shops are owned by private individuals; at least, so I was led to believe, but in both cases the feature that struck the casual investigator was the lack of purchasers. In some cases the prices of articles were marked, and were extremely high. In the window of a flower shop was a pot of azaleas costing the equivalent in our money of ten pounds, and the manager of our hotel told us that the cost of a suit of clothes is forty pounds sterling. As wages and salaries are not high, and as in theory the private capitalist has practically ceased to exist, it is a mystery how anyone can afford to purchase anything, and no one with whom I talked was able to throw any light on this subject.

One last comment before I finish with general observations. No visitor to Moscow can fail to notice the uniformity of male attire. By merely observing a man's clothes it is difficult to tell whether that man is a Commissar or a dustman. But with the women it is quite a different story. The Russian woman evidently is quite as fond of smart apparel as her English sister, and on the May Day holiday there were plenty of smart costumes, new summer hats, and bright-coloured pairs of stockings to be seen. From my own observations it seems difficult to believe that the Russian woman has accepted in her heart either the absence of class distinctions or the Marxian theory.

May I now claim my readers' indulgence if I give very briefly my personal impressions on the present political and economic situation in Russia? But before so doing I should like to add that what follows is purely my personal view, and is not to be regarded as in any way authoritative. I make no claim to speak with authority on the strength of a hurried visit.

My strongest impression is that the present Government is stable, and as such must be accounted a fairly permanent factor in European politics. The reasons that have caused me to form this opinion are fourfold.

Firstly, the Soviet Government has behind it the Red Army, and this force is amply sufficient to deal with internal disturbances and, I believe, with foreign aggression. Whether or not the Red Army would be equal to undertaking an external campaign is a matter on which opinions differ, and I had no opportunity of forming any judgment on this subject. But it was my good fortune to be invited by the Soviet Government to attend the review of the Moscow garrison on May 1, and I was surprised by the appearance and martial bearing of the troops. The review was held in the Red Square, a space about a quarter of a mile long by two hundred yards broad. Some 15,000 troops, representing all arms, took part, and the parade was carried out with the regularity of clockwork, a fact that speaks volumes for the efficiency of the staff work; so long as the Red Army retains this standard of efficiency, I feel that it is a force that must be treated with respect.

Secondly, if one may judge the administration from those members of the Government with whom my colleagues and myself had interviews, there can be no doubt that the present rulers of Russia are a body of very clever and well-informed men. It must be remembered that they wield absolute power, and constitute a tyranny the like of which has not been seen for many centuries. They depend for their power on the artisan class, whom they have made the privileged class in the State, and whom they have hypnotized by means of propaganda into believing that the maintenance of the present regime is essential to the welfare of the artisan. In this connection it must be borne in mind that any power that the artisan class may possess is exercised by the Communist Party, and this party is purged periodically of all who may be suspect of being critical of the existing regime.

Thirdly, the old secret police, now known as the G.P.U., exercises a power of terrorism far worse than anything that existed under the Tsars. Wholesale arrests are of everyday occurrence, no man knows which member of his staff or entourage may be a spy in their service, whilst a chance word in the street may be the means of sending a man to prison, to Siberia, or to the next world. So long as the G.P.U. continues

to function it is difficult to see how any anti-Soviet movement could hope to succeed in Moscow.

Lastly, so far as I could see, travelling by train from the Polish frontier at Stolbz to Moscow and thence to Riga, Northern Russia, at any rate, is a country of forest with occasional cultivated land. Each individual clearing may consist of several thousand acres, and perhaps contains two or three villages, but all round is the forest, and as the roads are merely mud tracks, communication between the different clearings must be a matter of great difficulty. This fact, I think, must prove a nearly insuperable obstacle to any combined movement against Moscow on the part of the peasants, and it is the peasant who has least reason to be sympathetic towards Communism and the most to gain by a change of Government.

The question that is perhaps of most importance to us is the possibility of resuming reasonable trade relations with Russia, and with this question is bound up that of the efficacy of the New Economic Policy adopted by the Soviet Government in 1922. From such information as I was able to collect, it is, in my opinion, impossible to claim for the N.E.P. either that it has succeeded in the past or that it has any prospect of succeeding in the future. The Soviet Government has taken over all means of production (for the moment I am ignoring a few private businesses that still exist, as these are in all cases concerned in the manufacture of very special articles for which there is not a large market) and has not paid a penny piece either for the land, buildings or equipment, and therefore has no debenture or mortgage charges to meet. These State businesses are supposed to make a profit, and are financed by the State banks, who advance money against stocks of raw material and finished goods in hand. The management has no power to mortgage the land and buildings, which are State property, and though the State takes any profit that may accrue, it assumes no liability for any debts that the business may contract. Imports from foreign countries are permitted only under licence, and in order to maintain the exchange value of the chervonetz the amount spent in purchasing foreign goods is always less than the amount standing

to the credit of the Soviet Government in foreign countries. In practice this limits imports to articles that Russia cannot produce herself and those which are, in the opinion of the Government, essential. In consequence the home-made article has to face but little competition, yet even in spite of these advantages the State manufacturing businesses seem to find it almost impossible to produce at a profit, and whilst I was at Moscow, wages were being reduced and hands dismissed in order to reduce the costs of production. If free import of foreign goods were permitted, even with the imposition of heavy customs duties, I believe that the whole structure of the N.E.P. would fall to the ground like a house of cards.

An interesting result of the N.E.P. is that, so far as I could ascertain, no money is being saved in Russia to-day. The State factories and the State co-operative societies are by law compelled to keep at least 60 per cent. of their funds with the State banks, and this provides the fund from which the bank makes advances, but only 2½ per cent. of the total deposits in the banks are the property of private persons. My information was that the peasant, like his confrères all the world over, hoarded his surplus wealth, but as he distrusts the paper currency, he either holds his grain or else spends the money he receives in return for his produce in the purchase of bales of cloth and similar commodities with which he subsequently carries on a system of barter in his own neighbourhood. The result is that there is no reserve of wealth in the country, and the Soviet Government, which has been existing on the accumulated riches of past ages, now finds itself very short of capital, and is extremely anxious to negotiate a foreign loan. Whether or not the Soviet can produce security that might be considered satisfactory is a question that I am not competent to answer; it must remain a matter for experts. But I think there is no doubt that either in the immediate or more distant future the Russian Government will be prepared to offer very considerable concessions in return for a loan from this country. Whether or not it is to our real interest to grant such a loan I am not prepared to state, though, should the possibility arise, obviously it should receive

the most careful consideration. Nevertheless, I am doubtful whether satisfactory terms are possible unless far greater scope is granted to the individual capitalist in Russia than seems probable to-day. The potentialities of Russia are enormous, as we are so often reminded, but it is apt to be overlooked that these potentialities require development, and that in the absence of the *entrepreneur* it is doubtful whether such development can ever take place. At present the *entrepreneur*, unless a multi-millionaire, is not regarded with much favour in Moscow, and even the multi-millionaire does not find his path strewn with roses.

One last impression. It seemed to me that many of the present rulers of Russia were by no means convinced or even lukewarm believers in Communism, but they depend on a party that is so embogged in the slough of Marxism that they seem to find it impossible to avoid paying at least lip-service to his doctrines. There is a continual struggle for supremacy between the moderate and extreme elements in the Soviet Government, and when I was in Moscow the former appeared to have gained the upper hand. The best proof of this was the fall from power of Zinovieff, one of the leaders of the extremists. Recent events, notably the dispatch of Russian money to assist the general strike and the miners in this country, would seem to show that the extremists have again obtained the mastery, and have compelled the more moderate members of the Soviet Government to take an action, of which, I believe, they in their heart of hearts disapprove; since those responsible for the conduct of finance and foreign affairs are well aware that by intervening in our internal affairs, they have delayed indefinitely the possibility of coming to terms with the British people.

Bolshevism on Trial

By Mikhail P. Artzybasheff

(*Author of "Sanine," "Jealousy," "The Savage," etc.*)

Translated by Irina Rachmaninoff

A RUSSIAN writer, loving my country with the simple, deep love of a son for his mother, I would not leave her during the sorrowful days of her trial. So I remained in Russia, despite danger and misery, and watched, passing by, the entire drama of Bolshevism, with its raving beginning and brazen-faced end.

By my honour as an author and man I swear:

"I belong to no party. I do not own property of any sort. I earn my bread by my work only. I here step forth to testify against the Bolsheviki. I do not wish to gain anything, whatever it be. I have no other purpose than to tell the truth!"

This truth is horrifying and revolting.

The struggle waged in Russia against autocracy had lasted too long. It had bequeathed to the Russian people a heritage of evil: all kinds of professional revolutionaries grown up in revolutionary depths where wither brains and heart, brought up in Utopian style on ideas of merciless struggle and unabating hatred.

These revolutionaries had not the strength to construct; they only knew how to tear down and to destroy. Just as war was the only possible excuse the *condottiere* could produce for their existence, so revolution was theirs. There was no room for them among peaceful builders. Hence they became revolutionary moles and sacrificed the fine flower of the nation to their lunatic dream of "a world-conflagration!" Skilfully enlisting by the magic of this demagogical word the exhausted armies, the peasants longing for land and the exploited workmen, they gripped the reins of Russia.

But, contrary to general opinion, I insist that Bolshevism was not, as has been asserted, a psychical change that affected the entire Russian nation. I insist that the bloody uprising of November 7th, 1917, did not manifest the people's will. Not I alone, we all, were witnesses of the restless, unabating propaganda which the Bolsheviki, stopping at nothing, had conducted the eight preceding

months in the army and navy and among the working classes, in order to kindle the fire. But though they used every means—from the most infamous demagogy to open bribery—though they worked on the base and brutal instincts of the crowd, drenching with foul slander all who thought not as they, while assuring the blind, submerged masses that they, the Communists, alone could give them peace, bread, and freedom—yet the outbreak did not occur until after immense efforts and grievous failures. Nor was it an outbreak of the people's wrath, as lied the Bolsheviki. Owing to the confusion, perplexity, and passivity of the people, it was wrought by comparatively small groups of propagandist soldiers and workmen, with the help of agents of an enemy country, of deserters and of criminals. The real will of the immense majority revealed itself clearly enough in the bloody opposition to the Bolsheviki which burst out from the very first days of their power.

Both literature and Press, regardless of political shade or party, went forth against them. Shuddering with horror, the intelligentsia shrank back. Government and private officials laid down their positions. Though worn out and disintegrated, still the army mustered strength to give birth to unnumbered battalions for an armed fight with them. The most cultured of the neighbour States hastened to sever from the infected centre; even the Ukraine and Siberia, which were organically intergrown, tried to break the bloody tie. Last, not least, the peasantry, representing the vast majority, protested against the Bolsheviki by elemental rebellions that swept the Russian earth with waves of blood, whose crimson tide has not quieted down up to this date.

If the Bolsheviki pretend that they conquered by the sympathy and support of the majority, they lie and calumniate the Russian people. They only conquered because in the fire of civil war which they had lit the energies of the people had crumbled to ashes; because revolt, the great darkness of anarchy, all the blind powers, had broken loose and the disintegration of the country had begun. In this chaos, not the higher right was bound to succeed, but the more savage resolution, the greater unscrupulousness, and the most complete ruthlessness. And all these qualities the Bolsheviki proved themselves to possess.

They crushed the scattered energies of the people with their merciless determination to rule. But the greater part of Russia hated and hates the Soviet, which only exists by a pitiless terror the like of which the world has never seen.

The dimensions of this terror still escape statistics. Neither is human memory able to hoard, nor human imagination able to picture, the full horror and suffering with which the Bolsheviki have crushed the Russian people.

Putting into immediate practice their Communistic Utopias in a beggared and uncivilised country, without heeding the demands of an iron reality, they destroyed life, cut every pulsing State artery, wrecked the administrative apparatus, stopped commerce, robbed the banks, and killed private initiative. The results were quickly shown: trade declined, agriculture shrivelled, and transportation died out. Famine raged in rich Russia, which could have been the granary of all Europe. Cold reigned in this country of immense forests; around endless oil wealth sombre clouds of darkness brooded. Cities tumbled into ruins; and among them swarmed human beings scarcely clothed by their last tatters, covered with dirt and vermin, and driven by cold, hunger and fear to the last limits of despair, and almost to the loss of human semblance.

Amidst this starved, cold, dark desert brightly blazed the night fires of the Chekha. There, night and day, during years, went on heavy blood-work. In dirty cellars, without law, or trial, or sentence, thousands of men were being slaughtered.

Their names? Thou alone, O God, knowest them!

We shall never be able to count these victims, because there exists no complete record in the archives of the Chekha, in whose eyes human life was cheap. The Bolsheviki kept no accounts. If an inquisitive outsider had collected facts about the activities of the Chekha he would have paid for his action with his life.

But we must remember that the Chekha worked all over big Russia, in every city, town, borough, village, which was but of the least importance; at every railway station or place of stoppage. Only a very slight and pale idea do we derive from a few random statistics which were

being published during a few months in Moscow in 1921 by the Chekha, then drunk with blood and insolent to the limit. The number of victims in that one city alone varied from 1,500 to 2,000 per month. This figure does not include the exploits of the All-Russian Chekha (the sanguinary tribunal of the Army-for-internal protection), nor the Railway-Chekha, still in that same Moscow, which, however, was not first in regard to numbers, as Petrograd, Kieff, and other large provincial cities by far surpassed it as a scene of Bolshevist terror.

The Bolsheviki reinstituted the hostage custom of the barbaric ages. Thousands of erstwhile officers, professors, priests, intelligentsia, and peasants, who had committed no offence, and were not even accused of any, were flung into the cellars of the Chekha. These unfortunate wretches were held responsible with their lives for all possible attempts against the Soviet power. For months they lived as men condemned to death, not knowing when their fate would be decided, nor when they were to be executed, nor even what was the crime for which they would have to die. They were shot by the hundred every time a plot (often mythical) was being discovered, or at the approach of white armies, and finally just in order to vacate the overcrowded prisons. On the night of Fanny Kaplan's abortive murder attempt against Lenin, for instance, in quick obedience to a telegraphic order from the Central Committee, there were held all over Russia mass-executions of hostages, and, for that one deed of an excited girl, thousands who were innocent paid with their lives. According to data then supplied, in Moscow alone more than five hundred were slain.

But what mean figures! Are figures needed when we hear that, even in small provincial towns, the corpses of the slaughtered were heaped up in piles like logs of wood? Who asks for figures when you hear how the hair of the dead women whom they had thrown into the sea surged and floated on the waves, wrapping the dykes into their strange, soft, thick weaves, which an unsuspecting eye would have believed to be some unknown kind of seaweed! Figures matter no longer when—as in the City Park at Kieff, where in winter the executions had taken place—the soil was so soaked with blood that in spring under the sun-rays the earth began to pour forth the stench of the grave!

What could figures tell us worse than does the fact that among the Bolsheviki leaders a peculiar epidemic broke out, called "Blood Mania," which was being made the subject of a scientific report by Moscow physicians? One of the victims struck by this malady was amongst the most notorious of the Commissars, Kedrov, surnamed the Sanguinary.

The executioners did not specialise; they did not pick out those who had openly revolted, or those who were suspected of plotting, or those who by hunger or cold had been driven to violate one or other of their numerous decrees: they slaughtered them all without distinction, all and every one in whom they seemed to fear the slightest possibilities of a potential revolt. Nor was their blood-work restricted to the activities of their cellar henchmen. With ruthless cruelty the Bolsheviki quenched every rebellion with blood. Volleys of shots wiped the rebellious towns and villages off the face of the earth.

Meanwhile, bred by their insane rule, hunger, cold and epidemics finished the work of destruction. In hundreds of thousands human lives died out, unhindered. It speaks for itself that on every station or railway stop the barns were heaped up to the roof with corpses found in the trains, or on the tracks, or in the waiting-rooms. Truly, if the Russian nation did not perish altogether, it was merely because the hand of death tired at last and the epidemics ceased by themselves. Of the lives which they spared the famine of 1922 (which, thanks to an inefficient food supply system, turned into a terrible plague) destroyed fifteen millions.

Thus by famine, cold, and terror there perished in these ways not less than 20 per cent. of a 150,000,000 population in Russia.

Nor were those that survived happier than the dead. The Bolsheviki looked upon human beings only as material for their Communistic experiments—dumb beasts of burden, *canaille* which mattered not.

A citizen of the Republics of Soviet Russia had no rights and had no voice. He had to obey the rulers of the Kremlin, to obey silently. If a Commissar should conceive suspicion, or be moved by a whim, he could drive the citizen out of his lodgings, strip him bare, arrest and execute him. The citizen was not his own master; he was

not permitted to change his abode, or his employer, or his employ; he was not allowed to possess money or money's value, any more than supplies. The Commissars could lodge people where and as they liked, could thrust them into one living quarter with as many others as they chose, with complete strangers, even of the other sex. No citizen was entitled to more than a few square yards of living space. Barbarously wrecking the property of the people, the Bolsheviki promptly ruined every house they took over for their institutions, and then moved into others from which all the inhabitants were driven out into the street, without being allowed to take with them their belongings, which fell into the hands of the invaders. The population was terrorised under senseless labour laws that would send out thousands of unfit people, sick and weak, who lacked even the poorest footwear and clothes, in spite of biting frost, wind or rain, or the hardest of toil.

Helpless intelligentsia, old ladies and young girls in thin, low shoes, shovelled mountains of snow from the railway trails under the surveillance of armed soldiers; they swept the streets and squares of the city, uprooted tree-stumps, felled and rafted the woodspar down the river. They were supposed to dry up swamps, pull down houses. Needless to say, their efforts resulted in nothing except mass sickness and crippled limbs.

Human chase, with the general purpose of looting and capturing slaves, was a common occurrence on the streets in the large cities. It was accompanied by shooting, menaces, blows with the butt of the rifle, swearing and insults. True, one could escape this torture by working in the Government establishments. But there ruled another kind of slavery: you were entirely at the mercy of the Commissar and in eternal danger of having your meagre *paiek* (ration) confiscated. The employed man became the vassal of the brutal employer and the woman his mute concubine. In this empire of savage tyranny you could save yourself only by speculation or theft from starvation, and from insult only by collaboration with the Chekha. Hence everybody speculated, old men and children. Prostitution seemed a very natural thing, and society was filled to the brim with thiefs, bandits, bravos, spies, and *agents provocateurs*.

The whole nation has been sunk into the condition of

silent beasts of burden, and moral degeneracy among the entire young generation has been the result.

And all the while, restlessly, there continued to pour forth, as from a horn of plenty, the frantic decrees intensifying and developing the revolution, strangling the rights of the individual, and completing the destruction of life and State. To quote the picturesque *mot* of one of the leaders, "The revolution swept like a train at full steam across a swamp." But the Bolsheviki never took the fact into consideration that it swept over living men, leaving behind piles of bloody corpses trampled into the swamp.

What was it?—insanity or crime?

Sincere fanaticism, no matter how insane, fills us with respect. The most horrid crime committed in good faith can be understood if not forgiven. I accuse the Bolsheviki of not being sincere fanatics, but only a band of political adventurers devoured by personal ambition and the thirst for power—*condottieri* of the revolution! Fanaticism knows of no compromise. Fanaticism makes the prophet walk at the head of those whom he leads to Golgotha. While the Bolsheviki, having raised the Russian people on a cross of inexpressible agony, have done nought but divide its sacerdotal vestments.

While the people starved, froze, perished, the *Oprichina* revelled at a dissolute banquet.

As if in mockery of the laws of nature the authorities allotted to each citizen a ration of two herrings and one-eighth of a pound of bread per day; there were times when they entirely ceased to distribute rations, while simultaneously forbidding under death penalty any buying or selling of food supplies.

The houses were systematically searched, and the last pound of bread was taken away from the owner. Special guards blocked up the high roads, so that no supplies should enter the city. The miserable little markets (spared somehow in spite of the interdict) were plundered by armed bands. From the peasant everything was taken which exceeded the norm of personal want. Lack of grain proved a vital factor in the drying up of the very source of the people's nourishment. No sane mind will ever fathom what goal the Bolsheviki were striving at. Did they really scheme to exterminate the entire Russian nation

by famine, or were they educating humanity to exist without food?

However this might be, while they did all they could to plunge the country into famine and despair, the *Tovarish* (*Comrades*) treated themselves to everything from white bread to *caviare*, wine included. Far from them was the desire to share their misery with the people in whose name they ruled. These idealistic champions of humanity drew liberal shares from the huge stock of Governmental provisions hoarded at the expense of the starving. Well fed, merrily and drunkenly, lived the *Oprichina*, but still better fed and still more drunkenly lived the Kremlin rulers. Theirs were the apartments of the Czars, the best hotels. For them were automobiles, precious furs, diamonds, uncounted gold, wine and women. All Russia knew that they robbed the Treasury, knew of their graft, of the huge fortunes they amassed, their gambling, drinking, their debaucheries—but all Russia was dumb under the muzzle of the Chekha's pistol.

I do not wish to assert that all the Bolshevist leaders spent their time in robbing people, in drinking and in foul indulgence. There were among them men of a different type, and very possibly they shuddered with horror and disgust at the vileness of their comrades. But they did not speak, whether out of party discipline, or to preserve their power, and by their silence they became accomplices to the crime.

And all this time the press of the Bolsheviki lied to the world at large about "the conquests of the revolution," "the prosperity of the Soviet Republics," "the idealism of their leaders." Liars and hypocrites, they raised high their red banner soaked in blood and swore to march onward towards a complete victory of their great idea—Communism?

But the course of life proceeds, and its laws are inexorable. The people realised that it was impossible to live any longer as they lived—that they would perish.

The cannon thunder of the Kronstadt revolt—where there rose against the Bolsheviki these very same sailors whom Trotski had called "the flower of the revolution"—shook the walls of the Kremlin. Then the peasant-sea

began to throw up waves. Among the city labourers agitation slowly assumed an alarming character. The ground under the feet of the Bolsheviki quaked. It became obvious that on the path which they had chosen they were heading toward an abyss, obvious that the end was near, and that the floods of popular wrath were rising to sweep them off the face of the earth.

At that instant a *voltigeur* of genius who marvellously united the two chief assets of tyranny—cruelty and hypocrisy—Comrade Lenin, sounded the signal of retreat. He forgot that he had sworn, no matter at what cost, to march on to a complete victory of his great idea—Communism. He burned all that he had worshipped. With an odious cynicism he denounced all his preceding actions as "follies" and "mistakes," and proclaimed the ground laws of a "new economic policy." Only a man incurably blind could be talked into believing that this new policy was a hand reached out to Socialism or a means of saving Russia. Oh no, the thunder of the Kronstadt cannons gave birth to it, and at its cradle rang the openly cynical words of Lenin:

"If we cannot this very night announce by telegraph the change in the course of our policy, we are lost."

There was no talk about the welfare of the country or the salvation of the perishing people. Only fear for their own skins and for their power dictated to a Bolshevist leader and his comrades at the danger-point the shift from wild, armed Communism to a speedy restoration of the fundamentals of the bourgeois state. And this time, again, it was only through force and by hypocrisy that the Bolsheviki succeeded in crushing revolt and preserving power.

But for how long?

Lenin overlooked that his "follies" and "mistakes" had lasted five years, and that millions of innocent lives had paid for them. Had the leaders of the Bolsheviki been really sincere fanatics, only one of two things could have happened: they either would have continued on their march up to, and down, the abyss with the blind stubbornness of fanatics, or they would have baulked at its edge in horror at the sight of the abysmal depths of their "follies" and "mistakes." They would have laid down the power. A real idealist in Lenin's place would have

committed suicide and would have expiated with his blood his "mistakes"! But where reign hypocrisy, ambition, and thirst for power, there cannot be found redemption through such tragic and honest end.

The Bolsheviki chose a different course, and, clinging to power, offered to the world a spectacle so shameless and cynically grotesque that history cannot find its parallel.

In non-Russian Europe they needed the support of the proletariat which has not yet experienced in its flesh the delights of Communism and still believes that the Bolsheviki are heroical pioneers of a universal social revolution. But in Russia herself a continuance of Communistic experiments menaced them with ruin. So they glamorously put on the armour of the two-faced Janus openly laughing at the whole world in whose hopeless stupidity they believed. They proclaimed that there is nothing in common between a Bolsheviki Government and an international organisation for revolutionary propaganda. That the counsellors of the State Commissariat are the advisers of the Komintern affects them not in the least. With their left hand they nonchalantly throw their bombs which set fire to the countries of the whole world; with their right hand they restore in Russia the bourgeois hearth. With an ambiguous voice, now servilely crouching, then again drawing themselves up to their proud height, they reassure the European Governments of their loyalty and the proletariat of their revolutionism. They need money to support their power, and lo! behold these sincere terrorists suddenly transformed into peaceful industrials! Apostles of Communism are changed into directors of banks; propagandists of a world-conflagration are now trade envoys.

And because of the very fact that their change has not been called forth by their wish to save the perishing people, but is just a new means in their struggle for power, I believe that they will not succeed in restoring Russia.

Since their entire problem lies plainly in the fact that they want to remain in power, they must personally remain at the head of affairs, must not let any part of it escape their personal control, and must fill all the responsible posts with loyal agents. They must not permit anybody else the slightest initiative. But these men whose admitted "mistakes" have ruined the country cannot be reborn into

judicious reconstructors. Blunderers will always and ever commit fatal "mistakes."

I insist that in spite of an outward appearance of "life" in Russia, her economical revival is but a fiction. Industry steadily continues to decline; agriculture shrivels; the natural resources of the country are being used up with staggering rapidity; the showy, decorative "building-up" which the Bolsheviki exhibit for the benefit of the tourist-investigator from abroad is being paid for by ruthless taxes which drain the nation of its life-sap.

There is no doubt that the famous N.E.P. has opened up unlimited possibilities for get-rich-quick business men, not least the Commissars of the people themselves. But for exactly this reason there has never previously existed such a gaping abyss between the poor and the rich as now exists in Russia. While speculators roll in luxury, millions of Russians are subjected to a most piteous fate of beggary and hunger. Russia is proceeding toward utter economical ruin.

But even, if not? Even if the Bolsheviki—at the price of selling out their country to European capitalists to whom "money does not smell" though it be drenched with human blood—should succeed in reconstructing the economics of Russia—even then their crimes would remain unatoned!

The greatest sin of our time, the sin of cultured Europe, is the entire absence of all sense of morality from political and economic questions.

But though cultured Europe recognises the Bolsheviki Government, enters into negotiations with them, and accepts money and concessions from their bloodstained hands——

We Russians—who, in spite of the horror and abasement which our people have lived through, have not yet lost all human feeling and national honour—we must never reconcile ourselves with the rule of men covered from head to foot with the blood and the tears of the people.

We know that Russia hated and hates this power, and that her final goal, her cherished dream, is finally to undo the Soviet Government and to take vengeance on the leaders.

And we believe that the hour of this vengeance is not far!

China

By J. O. P. Bland

THE recently published "Chronicles of the East India Company," admirably compiled by Mr. H. B. Morse from the records of the India Office, are particularly deserving of attention at the present juncture of affairs in the Far East, because of the light which they throw upon the continuity of tradition in Chinese state-craft and the remarkable persistence of its dominant characteristics. For the idealists who believe that the race-mind of an Oriental people can be swiftly changed by means of top-hats and political nostrums, this light will shine in vain; but all serious students of history will appreciate its value in helping to explain the causes and purposes of the present anti-foreign agitation in China, and in providing useful object-lessons from the history of similar movements in the past. Comparison of the existing state of affairs with that which obtained, let us say, at the time of Lord Macartney's Mission to the Court of Peking in 1793, can hardly fail to suggest several uncomfortable conclusions. Of these the first and the most obvious is, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, and the second, that the love of money is the root of most of the evils which have corrupted the Government and harassed the people of China from time immemorial.

The British Government is at present engaged, in concert with other Powers, in fulfilling the Washington Conference Resolutions, by diplomatic negotiations at Peking on the subject of tariff autonomy and the foreigner's extra-territorial privileges. It is furthermore engaged, on its own account, in endeavouring to demonstrate, yet once again, its friendly feelings towards the Chinese people and its sympathy with their national aspirations, by means of a Commission under Lord Willingdon, now busy compiling its report as to the best way of spending the Boxer Indemnity millions for the mutual benefit of China and Great Britain. On the lamentable results of the Peking Conferences it is unnecessary to dwell. They reflect, on the one hand, the inevitable rivalries of the Treaty Powers, which preclude all hope of any genuine reforms being achieved by united action, and on the other, China's acute perception of the fact that post-war conditions in Europe have made it unlikely that any Power will bring force

to bear, single-handed, in defence of commercial interests, howsoever seriously threatened.

Lord Willingdon's Mission is the outcome of an "adventure in liberal action," very typical of the sentimental delusions which have influenced British policy, under American tutelage, since the Washington Conference. For the last five years the Chinese have been led, by Soviet agents and native agitators, to adopt an attitude of deliberate hostility towards Great Britain, to repudiate their financial obligations, to violate the Treaty rights of British traders, and to inflict serious injury upon the Crown Colony of Hongkong. The whole history of our relations with China from the seventeenth to the twentieth century affords convincing proof that only by unhesitating firmness can such an attitude be prevented from producing a situation which must entail the movement of armed forces. In a dispatch addressed by the Select Committee of the East India Company's representatives at Canton to the Governor-General of India in 1831, the experience of two centuries on this subject is thus epitomized :—

"Foreign Embassies to China have one and all been failures, but those most eminently so which have been conducted on principles of subserviency . . . Our records in this country bear continued proofs that a subservient conduct has only incurred degradation."

And again :—

"An impression has long existed in this country that H.M. ships were required by the orders of their own Government to submit to indignity, which has had the worst possible effect in encouraging the very evil which it was desirable to avoid. The Chinese, in common, we believe, with all Asiatic Governments, are incapable of appreciating the motives of a policy which suggests moderation in the exercise of power."

The injuries and indignities inflicted upon British traders at Canton in those days were trifling in comparison with those which their successors have been compelled to endure during the past year. The present situation was fairly described in a letter addressed to the *Times* six months ago by one John Robinson, British merchant at Swatow.

"The Kuomintang and their Russian advisers," he said, "are always on their feet, either in Canton or

Swatow, hammering into the people that they are out to blast British Imperialism, subjugate (if you please) the British, and make life a general little hell for them until they clear out. Now that is a plain straightforward statement of policy. We know where we are. For seven months they have carried out this policy to the letter. What is the British Government going to do about it?"

Incredible as it may seem, what the British Government has done about it is to turn the other cheek to the smiter, and to persist in the policy of "patience, conciliation, and compromise," which has been enjoined upon its diplomatic and Consular agents since 1921. It has publicly justified this policy by the assumption that the adoption of any other might encourage the break-up of China, by "precipitating a scramble for predominance among the conflicting Powers," an argument, on the face of it, insincere and fallacious. The Boxer Indemnity delegation is one of several manifestations of this unfortunate policy; its peculiar *personnel* consists of a missionary educationist, a lady philanthropist, and a peer. The peer's qualifications for leadership of such a mission at this particular juncture have been demonstrated by several of his utterances in China, and by the public confession of his firm faith in the principle of racial equality, a shibboleth which figures conspicuously in the forefront of Young China's political programme.

Everyone with any working knowledge of Chinese affairs must be aware that the claims now advanced by the Students' Union and their supporters to complete racial equality, restoration of China's sovereign rights, and abrogation of the "unequal treaties," are inspired by motives of a very practical kind. To regard them as pious aspirations due to a wave of popular sentiment, or to newborn national consciousness, is to shut one's eyes to all the realities of the situation. Throughout the entire history of their international relations with the West, the Chinese have contemptuously rejected the idea of racial equality; there is probably no race on earth more firmly imbued with the innate conviction of its own moral and intellectual superiority to other nations. If we look back, less than a hundred years, to the day when Lord Napier's frigates were preparing to force the

passage of the Bogue (1834), we find the Viceroy of Canton calmly issuing his annual proclamation, wherein the Hong merchants were ordered "to instruct the barbarian merchants in the tenets of civilization, and to repress their pride and profligacy, keeping up a diligent control and restraint upon them." The spirit of that proclamation breathes quite perceptibly in the utterances of the modernized mandarins of the present dispensation (as anyone can see for himself who studies the mentality of the Students' Union and the Kuomintang in their attacks on British Imperialism or the Christian religion), but its expression has perforce assumed new guises. As practical philosophers, inured to the realities of existence by centuries of fierce economic pressure and alien invasions, the Chinese know full well that there is no such thing as racial equality, and that in such catchwords there exists no innate virtue to heal the body politic. Nor do they cherish any sentimental delusions on the subject of self-determination, or the causes of the infringement of China's sovereign rights by other nations. (Mr. Tang Shao-yi, one-time Premier of the Republic, has put this matter succinctly: "We must have a sound Government," he declares, "before we can expect to be respected and trusted by others"). But while, in their hearts, they have no faith in these euphemistic abstractions, they nevertheless perceive clearly the expediency of getting them accepted by the Treaty Powers as fundamental axioms for use in diplomatic negotiations, and of directing them to their own ends. Recognition of the theory of racial equality, as a basic formula, not only serves to gratify the vanity of the student class: skilfully used and developed, on lines similar to those pursued at Washington, it should serve to manœuvre the foreigner into a position wherein his extra-territorial privileges and self-governing Concessions must become logically indefensible. Let these be abolished, or even seriously modified, and the way stands clear, for the political faction in power, to a land flowing with milk and honey, that is, to unfettered control, not only of the Maritime customs, but of the revenues and wealth of the foreign Settlements. It is a vision of booty rich enough to make every Tuchun's mouth water and to stimulate the patriotic eloquence of every political adventurer in the land.

Perpetually noticeable in the "Chronicles of the East

India Company," as, indeed, in every truthful history of China's foreign relations, is the insatiable money-lust of the Chinese authorities, from Viceroy to village headman; it stands out as the prime factor in every problem with which the earliest British traders were faced, and at the same time as the obvious root-cause of the Empire's political and military weakness. It is to-day the fashion amongst political idealists to minimize, and amongst missionary enthusiasts to ignore, this dominant and unchanging characteristic of the race, deep-rooted in its social system. The incontestable fact remains, that the Tuchuns and civil officials who have misgoverned the country since the abdication of the Manchu dynasty have displayed this money-lust more rapaciously and flagrantly than the Viceroys and Governors of the old regime. Regardless alike of pledges, loyalty, patriotism, and the bitter need of the common people, the Tuchuns and their political henchmen have ruined their country's credit, pledged the remnants of its assets, and destroyed most of its sources of productive industry, each seeking at all costs to put money in his purse. Military and naval forces have been openly for sale to the highest bidder; sovereign rights have been bartered away in return for foreign loans for the benefit of one or other of the contending factions; in a word, money is still, as it has been for centuries, the alpha and omega of politics in China. International Conferences which deliberately shut their eyes to this aspect of the situation can only serve, in the long run, to aggravate the deplorable misfortunes of the Chinese people.

Another incontestable truth which stands out clearly from the history of our early relations with China is that "liberal gestures" in the face of violence or intimidation are always futile and often dangerous. It is therefore matter for regret that, in apparent deference to the shrill clamour of the student body, and to the prevailing policy of conciliation, the Council for the Foreign Community of Shanghai has been led to propose a revision of the Land Regulations, whereby the Chinese residents in the Settlements shall be represented by three Chinese members on the Council. In principle, the proposal is, no doubt, admirable, but in practice at the present juncture it can only make matters worse and fan the flames of Chauvinistic agitation. The reception accorded to this graceful

concession was precisely what might have been expected. The Chinese Chamber of Commerce promptly rejected the proposal and demanded that representation should be conceded "proportionate to the actual amount of taxes paid by the Chinese." Furthermore, at a banquet given by the Foreign Municipal Council to the leading Chinese residents, the chairman of the Chamber declared that the Chinese would insist upon full recognition of the principles of racial equality and sovereign rights, as a condition prerequisite to friendship and co-operation. Be it observed that these demands, if carried to their logical conclusions, would place the entire administration, and therefore, the finances, of the Foreign Settlement in Chinese hands. It is safe to say that the sober-minded and substantial elders of the Chinese guilds at Shanghai would never have lent themselves to support proposals of this kind at the bidding of irresponsible agitators were it not for the irresolute and subservient attitude exhibited by the foreign community, and for the knowledge that this attitude has been enjoined upon the municipality as the result of misguided enthusiasms in high places. They are no fools, these Chinese traders, and all their own interests are clearly identified with the maintenance of law and order; but they are a timid race, and unless encouraged by clear evidence of the foreigner's intention and ability to protect his position they naturally choose the line of least resistance and shout with the crowd.

The remarkable feature of the situation at Shanghai is that not only the diplomats and missionaries, but the Municipal Council (representing the international business community) should have been led to discuss this question on a basis which implies acceptance of the "racial equality" idea. For since 1850 the self-governing mercantile community of this, the chief stronghold and treasure-house of foreign trade in the Far East, has jealously safeguarded its rights under the Land Regulations approved by the Powers, and has never hesitated to record its unswerving opinion that the introduction of any measure of Chinese control or influence in the administration of the Settlement would be fatal to its good government and prosperity. An explanation of the present graceful concession may possibly be found in the fact that, before any amendment of the Land Regulations can become effective, the

diplomatic body at Peking must unanimously confirm it, a consummation which, in practice, is rarely achieved. Be the explanation fear, favour, or affection, however, all concerned are well aware that there is not a city in China where the payment of taxes confers any right to representation in civic affairs; not one in which native officialdom has proved itself capable of efficient or honest administration; not one that is ever exempt from the rapacity of predatory mandarins, military and civil. Every wealthy Chinese, who has sought and found in the Settlements security for life and property, knows full well that under Chinese administration that security would speedily vanish.

In the first flush of enthusiasm for the new heaven and new earth which the Republic was to create, some may have had their doubts on this subject, but there is no room for illusion to-day. Evidence of the truth is writ large in the once-flourishing German Concessions at Tientsin and Tsingtao, handed over to Chinese control in 1917 and 1922 respectively. At Tsingtao the object lesson is particularly pertinent and convincing, for there the Chinese authorities came into possession of a model city in full working order. Not only have they violated all their undertakings with regard to the participation of foreigners in municipal affairs, but they have treated the business and industries of the port (as they have treated the inland railways) on the milch-cow principle, extracting at all costs the uttermost farthing of ready cash; with the result that the formerly flourishing port is now rapidly deteriorating to the melancholy level of Chinese cities. Every Chinese merchant knows that, were it not for the foreign police and the warships behind them, the Shanghai Settlements would not be safe for a day from the bandit armies which have devastated the surrounding country.

The claim that the Chinese should share in, or rather control, the government of the great and prosperous city which foreign enterprise has built up at the mouth of the Yangtze, is, like the seizure of the salt revenues at Tientsin, part of a gigantic bluff, which would be ludicrous were it not for the sympathy and moral support which the agitators have received, and hope to receive in increasing measure, from well-meaning but misguided sentimentalists in England and America.

Germany and Colonial Mandates

By G. H. Lepper

SPEAKING at the annual East African dinner a year ago, Mr. Amery made the following emphatic declaration :—

" We have got rid of that intrusive block of German territory which, under the name of Tanganyika Territory, *has now been permanently incorporated in the British Empire. I stress that—permanently.* It is an entire delusion that it is less British than any other colony. It is essentially a part of the British Empire. Though we have laid ourselves under an obligation to the League of Nations, it is not one whit less British nor does it make our tenure there one whit less permanent."*

In spite of the unequivocal character of this statement recent events have given rise to anxiety in East African circles lest this pledge should be thrown overboard to further the ends of the influential pro-German element in this country. There have been disquieting reports of promises having been made to Germany in regard to the restoration of her former colonies as an inducement to her to enter the League of Nations. The growing nervousness on this account has not been allayed by the somewhat ambiguous nature of the reply given by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs to a question asked in the House of Commons in March by Captain Walter Shaw. That this apprehension is widespread is evident from the reference to it made by Lord Delamere, in his speech as chairman, at a banquet given to the visiting East African Governors at Nairobi in February. Lord Delamere said :—

" There may come trade or other conditions in England later when it will look attractive to the Government of the day there to hand back Tanganyika Territory to Germany. That means the death of an East African Empire and is not only the concern of the Imperial Government but also of those colonies on the periphery of Tanganyika which helped to conquer it and bring it under the flag.

* This article was in type before this year's East African dinner took place. At that function Mr. Amery reiterated the fact that Tanganyika will remain part of the British Empire.

"The present Government at home, which stands openly for Imperial development, can consolidate permanently the Imperial position in Tanganyika by the encouragement of investment and settlement and by the creation of intercolonial communications in such a way that any surrender in the future will be impossible, even if the pendulum swings right over and a really Socialistic Government comes into power in England. It is, in my opinion, humbug to deny that such is its Imperial duty. We who live in Africa appeal to this great congregation of Governors to advance this great ideal."

It is a curious manifestation of political fickleness that only eight years after the final German offensive, which made our armies reel before it and for a few weeks placed the very existence of the Empire in peril, there should be to-day in this country a far from negligible body of opinion which displays marked solicitude for German interests and is even willing to serve them at the expense of ourselves and of the countries which fought by our side to resist the unprovoked aggression of Germany. Yet, like dogs returning to their own vomit, our pro-Germans of pre-war days have resumed their former orientation and are busily at work furthering German propaganda in the Press and through the medium of the League of Nations Union—a body whose activities require close scrutiny by those who place British interests first. An English translation of a book by Dr. Schnee, who was the last Governor of German East Africa, consisting of propaganda in favour of the return to Germany of her lost colonies, has recently been published* with a eulogistic and sympathetic foreword by Mr. W. H. Dawson. There are a large number of German societies in existence whose sole object is colonial propaganda, and any expression of sympathy with their aims, spoken or printed, in Britain is naturally seized upon with avidity and circulated widely as an indication that perseverance will achieve the desired result.

One serious source of danger is the almost universal

* "German Colonisation, Past and Future: the truth about the German Colonies," by Dr. Heinrich Schnee, late Governor of German East Africa, with introduction by W. H. Dawson, author of "The German Empire, 1867–1914," etc. (George Allen & Unwin, 5s.)

ignorance that exists in this country in regard to the distribution of Germany's former colonial possessions. Many well-intentioned people, who would oppose the return to Germany of Tanganyika Territory, appear to harbour vague ideas that something might be done in the direction of restoring some of the other ex-German colonies in Africa or elsewhere. Let us, therefore, briefly review the facts. Germany's colonial empire consisted of the four African territories of Togoland, Cameroon, South-west Africa, and East Africa, part of the island of New Guinea, part of the Solomon and Samoan groups, the Marshall, Caroline, and Ladrone groups, and Tsingtao in China. Of these Japan received the mandate for the Marshall, Caroline, and Ladrone islands and will certainly not part with them. Tsingtao has been restored to China, and it is hardly probable that even the most fanatical advocate of colonial expansion in Germany would desire to resume control of that territory. German New Guinea and the Solomons are under Australian control and German Samoa is administered by New Zealand. Neither of these Dominions will part with them unless turned out by force. German South-west Africa is in the hands of the Union of South Africa, which conquered the country and has not the slightest intention of relinquishing it. The greater part of German East Africa (now Tanganyika Territory) is under British mandate, and so are narrow strips of Cameroon and Togoland which have been incorporated in Nigeria and the Gold Coast. The bulk of Cameroon and Togoland are in the hands of France, and the remainder of German East Africa was given to Belgium. Is it likely that France or Belgium will agree to receive the Germans back as neighbours? Having had bitter experience of the disadvantages of a common frontier with Germany in Europe they would regard any proposal of the kind as the idea of a lunatic.

Being realists rather than sentimentalists, our Latin friends see that the satisfaction of German aspirations is not to be achieved at the expense of the self-governing British Dominions or Japan. France will not give way an inch in this direction, nor will Belgium except under compulsion. So there remain only Tanganyika Territory (which, unless Mr. Amery's declaration is to be repudiated,

has been permanently incorporated in the British Empire) and the narrow strips of Togoland and Cameroon under British mandate. These would be quite useless unless the remainder of the two West African colonies was handed back with them. One curious effect of the feeling of insecurity that has been engendered is a tendency that is manifesting itself in Belgium and Portugal in favour of a colonial *entente* between those two countries, with the object of mutual support against foreign aggression. Both have been somewhat alarmed since the war by speeches of South African statesmen which seemed to reveal an expansionist attitude in the Union, and the talk about colonial mandates for Germany has given further cause for apprehension, particularly in Portugal, where the military weakness of Mozambique and Angola and their serious currency troubles naturally occasion anxiety lest at some future date the question of effective occupation and development of colonial possessions should be raised before the League of Nations by more powerful and land-hungry States.

It is very desirable that a definite check should be given to the spread of the idea that Germany's desire for colonies is capable of realization. One has only to ask where the colonies are to be found to find that the answer is " impossible," failing a cowardly surrender and breach of pledges on the part of the Government of Great Britain.

As may be readily imagined, the prevailing feeling of insecurity is very detrimental to the development of the territories in question. Considerable amounts of British capital have been invested in plantations and other enterprises in Tanganyika Territory and other ex-German colonies, and much more would be available if the city were convinced that under no circumstances would these countries be treated as pawns in some international bargain which would involve their restoration to their former owners. It is unfair to their native inhabitants, who have no desire to come again within reach of the German lash, and unfair to the British settlers, planters, and merchants who have begun to open up the territories, to allow this feeling of uneasiness to continue. What is needed is a definite assurance from the Prime Minister

that the policy of the British Government is still, and will remain, unchanged, and that Mr. Amery's declaration was not merely an expression of the personal opinion of the Colonial Secretary but the fixed determination of the British Cabinet.* Then, failing the return to power of a political party which would be willing to face open revolt on the part of all our African colonies, who would undoubtedly have the support of Australia and New Zealand, the restoration to Germany of any of her possessions now under British mandate would be no longer regarded as a possibility, and the requisite finance for their effective development would be much more readily secured. In the interests of world peace, too, it is advisable that Germany should be given clearly to understand that this matter is a *chose jugée*, and that any attempt on her part to reopen it will be regarded as an unfriendly act.

* It is true that on April 17 last, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in answer to a letter from Major C. L. Walsh on the subject, replied that there was no foundation for the belief that the British Government had changed or were considering changing their policy in regard to Tanganyika Territory. But, in order to put the matter beyond all doubt, both at home and abroad, a formal statement by the Prime Minister would be greatly appreciated by British interests connected with the territory.

The Decline of Panislamism

By Dr. Thomas Greenwood, M.A., F.R.G.S.

THE political drama which began in 1919 by the Kemalist insurrection, and which reached its climax in 1922 by the complete rout of the Greek army and the tragic burning of Smyrna, found its end at Lausanne, where was signed, in July, 1923, a momentous Treaty which opened a new era to Eastern history.

At the call of Mustapha Kemal the peasants and brigands of Anatolia had taken up arms, had violated the Treaty of Sèvres, reoccupied Thrace right up to the Maritza, had set themselves free of European control, and had forced the Powers to abolish the century-old system of capitulations which they regarded as a source of humiliation. These facts were sanctioned by the Treaty of Lausanne, which is considered as an act of abdication of the Powers in favour of Islam by those who do not see beyond the bare occurrence of political events.

However, to give a thorough appreciation of this nationalist revolution, one must visualize it in conjunction with its effect on Turco-European relations, as well as with the vital transformation which it caused in the very life and spirit of the Turks.

Though Mustapha Kemal's triumph might have been regarded as a victory of Xenophobism, yet his policy ended in the Europeanization and secularization of Othman's patrimony. Turkish nationalism has kept and increased its strength to the detriment of the religious imperialism of the Sultan-Khalif, whose power extended from Moghreb's end to the Malay Straits.

In abolishing the Sultanate, the Great Assembly of Angora has delivered a fatal blow to the Khalifate itself. And so, as it happened at the decline of the Arabs in the Middle Ages, a batch of claimants to the Khalifate sprung up at the downfall of Mehmed V. In assuming a full-fledged sovereignty as a nation, Turkey has thereby lost its moral grip over Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Moslem India, and North Africa. Thus it is a significant fact that the Moslems of India and Burma have lost their confidence in Angora, and try to mend their grievances

with the Swarajists in order to lend their claims a true national, rather than a religious, character.

The rising of the Druses, the Wahabit invasion of the Yemen, the Zaghlulist campaign, the Kabyl agitation in Cyrenaica, and the Riffian war would have been a real danger to Western civilization had they emanated from the Sultan-Khalif of Constantinople, and had they been backed by the guns and yatagans of the Turks. But they were only sporadic risings without a religious object, and where every leader, obsessed by the modern doctrine of self-determination, aspired at building up an independent kingdom with an illusory enjoyment of real sovereignty.

That is why those local warfares could not become holy wars led on one side by the awe-inspiring green flag with the gold crescent. Indeed, some of them, such as the Kurdish revolt, or the Wahabit invasion, took place between Moslems. And so Abd-el-Krim could not wage a holy war against the French, because he was fighting at the same time against the Sultan of Morocco. For the same reason the warlike spirit of the Turks on the Mosul border was tempered by the fact that they would have had to fight also against Moslem Irak.

At present Islam is placed in a situation very similar to that of Christianity at the dawn of the Renaissance. As the conception of nationality was then beginning to assert itself, the temporal power of the Church—which had caused the union of the Christian kings against the Saracens, from the Crusades to the naval victory of Lepante, and the rout of the Turks under the walls of Vienna—was struck to death by the reform which assumed in Germany, Switzerland, and Bohemia a truly national character.

A similar event occurred in the Ottoman Empire at the end of the eighteenth century, when the Christian minorities began to claim their independence. Again, at the downfall of Tsarism several nations, the existence of which was hardly known, sprang up in Russia. Finally, at the decline of the Manchu Dynasty in China, and the subsequent establishment of the Republic, the great provinces rebelled against Peking and demanded their absolute autonomy.

The national spirit, therefore, grows stronger as the temporal power of religion weakens. As the Moslem nations become nationalist their individual power increases in proportion to their loss in collective power as members of the same faith. And though the Koran and the Hadj still bind morally together the faithful, Panislamism is on the decline as a political weapon. Our views have been confirmed by the conclusions of the recent Œcumenical Congress of Islam which was held in Cairo last May. Thirteen nations with the exception of Turkey, representing 136 million Moslems, sent delegations. The object of the congress was to define the prerogatives of the Khalifate, and to report on its possibilities. As regards the first point, the Khalifate was defined as a theocracy of the most aggravated type, and incompatible with the secularization of Islam. These findings of the learned were, however, contradicted by the recommendations of the commission which had to report on the second point. Indeed, they recognized plainly that the canonical conditions of the Khalifate cannot be possibly realized at this stage, and that Islam would better organize itself as an international concern represented by a General Committee and by National Boards having religious executive functions. This means the nationalization of the Moslem countries, and consequently the abolition of a Panislamic authority. Seeing this, the Powers who have especial interests among Moslem nations should not hesitate, all other means having failed, to use an iron hand when those interests are in danger. The energetic attitude of England in Egypt and at Mosul has prevented grave developments in the Near East.

It does not follow, however, that the European Powers should take advantage of the decay of Panislamism to pursue adventurous Imperialistic schemes. Between the past and the future, between autocracy and democracy, there should be a smooth transition. Moslem feudality should be secularized by degrees. The principal initiative rests with the Moslems themselves. But their leaders will never secure the happiness of their people without the effective co-operation of the European nations.

The Religious Vacuum

By the Viscount Sandon, M.P.

It is a curious fact that, whereas English history from the earliest days until the middle of the seventeenth century turned very largely on the relationship between Church and State, and on the effect of ecclesiastical influences on national life, thereafter, particularly in the latter aspect, this feature has been so little in evidence. Intrigue and worldliness were the dry-rot of those days; to-day, other causes are at work, and have resulted in a grave situation.

This country is impatiently awaiting a religious revival. So much was hoped of the Churches after the war, and so little has been accomplished. A new Wesley on a new Crusade would do more for England to-day than all the laws and all the conferences possible. The lusts of pleasure, excitement, and general indulgence are uppermost, and there is still much fruitful soil for a missioner. It seems to many of us that the whole trouble lies in the concentration by the clerical community on things *they* regard as important, and which the rank and file of churchmen, as opposed to the " lights " on Assemblies and such like, not only regard with indifference but even with a distaste which drives them away from all organized religion whatsoever. If, instead of trying to give us a new Communion service, which would split the Church to an extent that would stultify all its future activities, it were to concentrate on the big issues in life, orthodoxy might be the loser, but the Kingdom of God would be nearer. Never has any church before had the opportunity that was given by the war, and yet there seem to be so few to interpret what was then discovered. In the external aspect one has only to compare the appeal and spiritual fervour at a varying and congregational service like that at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields with the vacant pews in the more orthodox churches

where the routine service drags its complete and lengthy way. Atheism is very far from being a correct diagnosis, and it is sometimes amazing how, in constant little ways, there is evidence of a deep-seated religious feeling in our country. But Donald Hankey* is dead, and there seems now hardly anyone to preach his gospel and translate the mentality of English people to English clergy. This lack of willingness to co-operate with those who work on the larger scale was strikingly manifested when, soon after the war, the Pope imposed a ban on the Y.M.C.A. If this is modern Christian policy, one might almost despair, thanking God at the same time that no cleric but a layman—our King—is head of the English Church. There can be no hope now of reclaiming England, unless and until we secure a measure of Christian re-union with a view to ultimate entire unification.

The immediate task of a complete reconciliation with the Free Churches is the one thing most worth striving for in the world to-day. In the enlightened times in which we live this separation is an anomaly, and we now know that the split would never have come about if English people in those days had been Christians instead of bigots. Nor is the task so formidable as might appear; we knew how to deal with these problems at the front, but this is the day of the civilian, and happily indeed has his control resulted! On an issue of such importance few sacrifices could be too great, if those most concerned were as much in earnest as are their followers. The grace of God is boundless, and is not limited by interesting historical moralizings on tradition as to ordination or anything else. A united Church is such a prize, would solve so many problems, such as religious teaching in schools, and would be such a force in the land, that not only would politics be elevated to Christianity, but the "land fit for heroes" might become a realizable dream, although it needs emphasizing that the apparent craze of bishops and other clerics to interfere in politics and industrial disputes does nothing but hinder progress in this direction. The social regeneration of England brooks no delay. We are not, as "Toc H." so happily puts it,

* Author of "A Student in Arms" (2 vols.), "Religion and Common Sense," "The Lord of All Good Life."

paying God rent for our room on earth by giving disinterested service. But when the Church is a national body, then it will no longer be necessary to fight through the "tangle of vested interests"; no longer will it be an uphill fight to pass legislation to forbid sections of the press from making money by publishing the poison of divorce and murder and other demoralizing proceedings in the Law Courts. Administrative reforms in the Church, though seldom wisely executed, are needed, of course, and badly needed, as they are in all walks of life; but that these should in any way impede the big issues of to-day is no less than a tragedy not only for the living, but for those yet to come. Anxious eyes have long been turned on the pulpit, but they are beginning to become weary. It is not yet too late.

Race Rivalry

By W. G. Bond

We have been of late usefully and frequently reminded that the white man has not always been the supreme cock-of-the-walk that he is to-day, and has been for some few centuries, and we have been bidden by this writer and by that to look upon this race or that as our destined successors. It is a fascinating subject and one which readily lends itself to lurid and pseudo-scientific treatment. Whether this cauldron of a world is to-day nearer boiling over than at any other period in its history it is difficult to say, but the shrinkage of our planet, which has been brought about by the scientific achievements of the last hundred years, indubitably tends to magnify every bubble and boil of the cauldron in the most alarming manner.

What are the broad features of the present-day racial position? The white race, especially if we concentrate our attention upon the finest specimens of it, is rapidly learning severely to limit its numbers, but is learning, considerably less rapidly, to limit its proclivity to international pugnacity and its inevitable accompaniment, the premature destruction of valuable lives. In the art of Government, in scientific achievement, in fighting efficiency, in finance, in literature, art, and philosophy, the leading European races still lead the world, and have no visible all-round challenger, except, maybe, the Japanese. The negro in the United States may prove a tough problem to the land of his birth, but elsewhere, though he may become, and indeed has become, racially self-conscious, does any cool-thinking person take him, or rather, ought any such thinking person to take the educated negro, as seriously as he takes himself, notwithstanding his great powers of multiplication? The Yellow Peril, too, does not strike the cool observer as any more perilous to-day than at any time these past fifty years, if, that is to say, we restrict our gaze to China. If, on the other hand, we include Japan, the future may seem superficially more menacing, so far, at any rate, as the future of the white race in the Pacific is concerned. There is, however, no love lost between the Chinese and the Japanese, and, notwithstanding their apparent power to populate the whole earth, if the opportunity offered,

an organized combined attempt to dominate and populate Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania may surely be written off, by the most perfervid prophet of the wrath to come, from his list of impending perils. To dispel this terror, we need only to sit down and think out what deep-lying antipathies have to be overcome and converted into their contraries before China and Japan could join hands, and hearts, and heads, and organize an attack upon the outposts of the white race in the Pacific. India, it is true, is seething (at any rate, on the surface) and may some day attain a greater measure of political common-sense and self-Government than seems possible to-day; but the white race would need, not merely to fall away from grace, but sink into the gutter, before India, with its bewildering diversities of race and religion, became a serious rival. Perhaps the last race, or nation, we need consider in this summary sketch, are the Slavs and Russia. If Russia's performances in war, during the past hundred years, cannot still our terror of her, then nothing will. In what else has she excelled, except music, literature and the ballet? Her Government, her finance, her commerce, her industry, what are they, and what have they been? We shall be told that her "life force" is tremendous. So be it. But one is entitled to remind those who lay such stress on this purely animal propensity that "enormous populations, if they be beggars, are disgusting, like moving cheese, like hills of ants or of fleas—the more, the worse"; and not only so, but are, by and in themselves, dangerous to no one but themselves.

We do not suggest, however, that "all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds," and that there are no racial or other perils ahead. It would, indeed, be a dull world if this were so. Whatever may be the purposes of our particular planet, one may confidently assert that dullness is not one of them. Western ideas and Western education have for generations been poured liberally into the lives and minds of Eastern and other alien races. Above all, alien races have now become familiarized the world over with Western methods of Government, Western social arrangements, Western industrialism and commerce, with Western law, science and literature, history and philosophy. Small wonder, then, that there is a world-wide ferment, a ferment, moreover, which, we may be sure, will not soon die down, whatever

else we may be uncertain about. In this respect, as in numberless others, the age is obviously one of transition; intensely interesting to the young, to the old, too full of thrills to be altogether comfortable. Quite clearly we need "to keep our eyes skinned" and our heads cool. Quite clearly we need to avoid dogmatism and all manner of hurried and hasty generalizations, which possess a specious scientific appearance, but which are, in fact, the negation of true science, the clear data at our disposal being altogether insufficient to warrant any but the most modest and tentative conclusions. When, as in this case, the problem is, beyond measure, complex, let no man set up as a major prophet, whether of weal or of woe.

We have been moved to make these trite remarks by the perusal of "To-day and To-morrow: The Testing Period of the White Race," by J. H. Curle (Methuen). The author tells us that he has taken some six or seven years to put his thoughts together, that his book "was born beside the Australian shore," while "its skeleton took form on the Niger and the Congo"; that the chapter on Sex "was begun on the sand dunes of Holland, continued in Lagos, and finished beside the Lake of Lucerne," while another "was written in Arizona," and so on. The conditions under which he lived and worked do not strike us as particularly favourable to clear thinking, deep thinking, or moderation of statement; but, wide as is his subject, Mr. Curle has not found it wide enough for the ambit of his genius. He must needs devote a large percentage of his pages to the problem of sex, vitamins, ductless glands, the electronic theory of matter, free will, the problems of evil and of a future life, spiritualism, etc., etc. It is not within the compass of one single human brain to talk sense on all these subjects at once. Putting these asides aside, let us see what are the views of this travelled writer on the racial future of the world.

The white man (especially the so-called Nordic stock), the heir of all the ages, is, generally speaking, restricting the numbers of the fit and breeding freely from the unfit. The paramount causes of this state of things, at any rate in England and among English-speaking peoples, are democracy and national education. "While the masses vote and rule it will be impossible for us to return to good breeding, on which everything depends, and to forbid bad breeding." "The masses can neither govern nor choose wisely those who can." "Free education is

also saddling the State more and more with parasites, that is to say, with men and women who acquire enough cunning to despise manual labour, and who try to earn a living without hard work."

A trenchant and triumphant condemnation of the two principal pillars of the modern State, as we see it to-day in Western Europe and North America, and wherever English is spoken.

But there are many other factors hurrying along the unfortunate white man to the everlasting bonfire, such as votes for women, the popular press, and the motor-car. Mr. Curle asks whether "we realize the class-cleavage that insensate vehicle has brought about? I do not know the most recent figures for Britain, but who is ignorant of the daily truculence of motorists, their excessive speed, their nerve-wrecking warnings, and the callousness with which they bespatter the poor with mud, or cloud them with dust? The motorist only too often is a bully; he and his car have raised untold hatred in the minds of the poor." If this overcharged and, in many ways, absurd picture, of which stay-at-home Englishmen are as competent to judge as the author, is to be taken as a measure of the author's general sobriety and accuracy, then those who do not profess to know, from immediate experience, anything about the Javanese or the uttermost parts of the earth, can gauge what discount they must apply to excited rhetoric relating to matters beyond their ken.

But England is not the only menaced land. "I conceive a desperate situation coming about in the States over oil," says Mr. Curle. "How will Americans then comport themselves, drunk with success, swayed by demagogues and a Yellow Press . . .?" Another terror ahead of us all is that, owing to a universally increasing industrialism and a relatively decreasing food supply, the position will be reached "with all wanting to sell and few to buy." Yet another terror in store for us arises from the extreme unpopularity of the white man, due, in the main, to the bad manners of Cook's tourists. "The hatred of coloured for white has much intensified in my own knowledge. It flared up when Abyssinia defeated Italy. It flared again when Japan beat Russia, when Turkey smashed Greece, and the Moors of the Rif overcame the Spaniards. The Great War set it in ferment—Japan, strongest to-day of the coloured countries, hates

the whites most fervently—the Chinese, in the mass, hate the whites" [luckily for us, "they also hate the Japanese"]. "The hatred of those Indians we educated in England and then ignored, the bitterness of tens of thousands we educated in India, for whom we have no jobs; the contempt hurled by white underlings at brown skins, has leavened that great Empire and turned it against us. The Peoples of the Afternoon—Burmese, Siamese, Tonkinese, Javanese, Malays, Filipinos—a vastly numerous group, have mostly grown to hate the white man like the rest. The negro is fast learning to hate us like the rest. The time is nearing when the masks will come off, when we shall see the whole of Asia, and, it may be, Africa as well, try to throw off white domination, and come near succeeding. The attack will develop where we are most vulnerable—in the markets. In those days, too, we [the white races] shall be waging the great economic struggle with each other—confusion worse confounded!—and how democracy based on the opinions and prejudices of the ignorant masses is going to handle an era such as this, I really don't know."

The main antidotes recommended by the author appear to be a greater reliance upon science, greater care in preserving the purity of the race, birth-control, and sterilization, and power and governance for "the wise and strong."

Space does not permit of any detailed examination of these remedies, and we can only point out that democracy and good Government are not necessarily a contradiction in terms, and that birth-control, which, the author appears to think, is the chief solution of all the difficulties ahead, may be but the beginning of a new series. The core of every civilization that has existed up to the present has been the family. Scientific birth-control, preferable by far as it is to infanticide, plague, pestilence, and war, does not merely reduce the average family from, say, a baker's dozen to the "ideal" two or three, but is likely, so it seems to us, to have an incalculable reaction upon the whole family life of the nation (or race). Without dogmatizing as to whether large or small families are best for the children, there can be no gainsaying that children who come from well-populated nurseries, and those who do not, have markedly different characteristics. Among the very poor, limitation of the family is probably very nearly all pure gain; among the

middle classes the reverse seems more likely to hold good; and it is the middle class who will most rigidly limit their offspring in the hard times to come. But this is not the only reaction of birth-control. It cannot but lead to many entirely childless marriages; should this become the common custom, a whole string of serious and curious consequences must inevitably follow. The author views this aspect of his subject from the standpoint of the stud-farm. It is easy to breed pigs to yield fat bacon, and bullocks to give good beef; but it is another, and decidedly more subtle, business to breed good citizens. The selection of the father and the mother is merely the first chapter of the first volume.

To conclude as we began. The subject-matter of Mr. Curle's book is of profound importance, but the data are complex and obscure, and inevitably deductions from such data as are available are peculiarly liable to be deflected by bias. Moreover, the subject covers a vast field. Moderation of statement, avoidance of dogmatism and of wide generalizations, and rigid concentration upon the immediate matter in hand are, therefore, particularly needful in any volume dealing with the immediate racial future of the world. It is to be regretted, therefore, that the author of "To-day and To-morrow" has treated of many matters that have little or nothing to do with his subject, and has treated his subject, both in style and in substance, very much after the manner of the popular press, which, to use his own words, is "pushing us down the slope."

Between the "All things bright and beautiful" of the Sunday-school teacher and the "All things full of hate and horror" of Mr. Curle, there is a mean; that mean is the world as it really is. The rivalry between the races of the earth need not, and probably will not, end in any such catastrophic changes of racial status as marked the fall of Rome, or as would have followed the recent war had the Germans been the victors. It is more probable that the principal danger to the advanced white races lies in the excessive industrialization and urbanization of great masses of their population; but this evil, likewise, is open to quite practicable remedial measures. The problems before us are generally recognized and are not insoluble, provided the white race retains its characteristics. If it does not do so, then, of course, the Javanese or Tonkinese may inherit the earth. Why not?

The Decay of Taste

By the Hon. Stephen Coleridge

GOOD taste in word and deed is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. It distinguishes the man of refinement from those who want that quality; it is the sign manual of a gentleman. Down to quite recent times it presided at the writing-table of most reputable authors who aspired to win the respect of their contemporaries; and those who violated its dictates, as did Swift and Byron, without doubt injured their fame thereby in the great world of letters.

This engaging grace which came without conscious effort to cultivated society, and to the writing-table of authors, for three generations in the nineteenth century, has suffered of late from a little neglect.

The becoming reticences that adorned the conversation of our immediate forefathers are no longer so strictly observed, the pleasing restraint that, as a matter of course, guided their pens has ceased to influence some writers of to-day, and in the result the delicate flavour of our old English refinement is being gradually undermined.

The growing disregard of these felicitous restraints and reticences seems to have its birth in various modern innovations.

The rise of photography is one of them. Penny illustrated daily papers with enormous circulations fill their pages with photographs of criminals. A man smashes a shop window and makes off with jewels there exposed, and the next day all England is presented with his portrait with no word of condemnation beneath it; only his exploit is recorded. A woman commits adultery with every circumstance of impropriety, and forthwith she is displayed stepping from the court with her co-respondent amid a gaping crowd as though she were a princess emerging from her palace. The letterpress below the picture treats the lady as though she had just

performed some noble deed which should make her portrait welcome to all who love virtue.

A man murders some poor girl he has first betrayed and then wishes to abandon. The importunity of her broken heart irritates and wearies him; so he kills her with every imaginable brutality and callousness. His portrait immediately appears day after day from the moment of his arrest to that of his execution; his degraded countenance is made familiar to us all from one end of England to the other, as if the infamous and heartless rascal were more interesting than any other living being in the country, till the gallows at last terminates his despicable existence.

Photography, therefore, seems to be a powerful instrument for undermining the better taste of the people and spreading abroad an interest in things morally ugly and intellectually degrading.

Another reason for the decay of good taste must probably be found in the general change towards greater freedom in the habits of society. This freedom has no doubt added immensely to the general happiness of men and women. The ancient supposition that young people of both sexes could not go about together in safety, and without risking their reputations, if not .their morals, was really an insult to young men and, perhaps, a greater insult to young women. But the immense change in general freedom has led, as was not unnatural, to excesses that, it may be hoped, have not the quality of permanence. People of either sex seem pleased across a table at a first meeting to say anything about anything, including things which would have astonished their grandparents, and if the picture papers are to be believed, peeresses bathe off the Lido in skin tights which leave nothing private about their bodies that is not displayed to all who choose to look.

In the field of letters no consideration of reticence curbs the licence of the diarists, who have thrown into the market place what surely should have been kept for the closet. One old lady, abreast with the times, has publicly told the world that a great man who at one time was England's Prime Minister suffered from the misfortune of breath that smelt. It seems a pity that any

publisher could be found to be the vehicle for this repellent indiscretion. Another lady diarist has described how a distinguished man, who was at one time a Minister of the Crown, carried her upstairs and kissed her. Until recently it was not thought a very gallant thing to kiss a girl and then tell others about it; but the recently arrived equality of the sexes does not seem to impose a like restraint on a lady who allows, if she does not encourage, a man to kiss her, and tells all the world about it after the man is dead. I knew the man in question from school and college days well enough to feel sure that had he been alive, when this asserted episode in his life was published, he could hardly have failed to regard the indiscreet publication with displeasure. A Knight of the Bath who enjoyed a position that brought him into touch with the Court and two Kings of England has published his diaries, and has not felt himself restrained from describing a scene in which King Edward the Seventh was revealed having his corns cut. A brilliant modern writer who has minutely criticized many celebrated people he never saw, suffered from no sense of impropriety in describing Queen Victoria as laughing "till she shows her gums."

It is quite likely that none of these lapses is intended malignantly to injure the reputations of the dead.

I cite them merely as instances of the extreme licence in the field of letters to which modern freedom from all restraints has led. Some may think it old-fashioned to feel any sense of discomfort in the presence of these somewhat boisterous indelicacies:

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new.

No doubt I shall be soundly dealt with for hinting a fault and displaying a sensitiveness quite out of place in these robust times; I can only humbly plead that very great writers in the past managed to be instructive and entertaining without these modern exuberances.

Maximilian Harden, Free-lance

By Charles Tower

THERE must, you concede, be something more than a Berlin Gigadibs in the man for whom so many historic-literary parallels have been sought, whom an emperor sent to imprisonment for *lèse-majesté*, powerful court favourites had to sue for libel, or accept imperial dismissal, and whom extreme Nationalist assassins after the war left for dead with eight wounds in his head. Did one know neither the man nor what he wrote, one might, judging from the times of his greatest activity, guess "Extreme Socialist" or the like. "The German Junius," should you come across that comparison, might encourage the theory. But how dub "Red" the journalist who was once called "the new Tacitus of a new Germania"? Still more, how suspect (as some have done) of "transpontine sensation-mongering" the man who "wrote a new Juvenal," and put into it the names, not of the dead, but of the yet living?

Whatever else the future may remember of Harden and his "Zukunft," it will be recorded at least of him that no man was his master, and that his whole nature was that of a fighter. And yet, neither a Knight-errant nor an Ishmael, but a free-lance, who, loving the apposite word, cherishing the biting epithet, and not disdaining the dramatic opportunity (as how should he, who, with six shillings in his pocket, ran away from home and school to play Miller and Mortimer in a fit-up company?), yet on June 20, 1898, told the Kaiser in an "open letter" what should come in November, 1908, and in November, 1908, foresaw, unless there was a change, what should befall just ten years later.

Of his "Apostata," which Paul Wiegler called "our breviary, that first awoke in us proscribed sentiments," there are probably nowadays few or no copies to be had. But here and there in some secondhand bookshop of Germany, or at the sale of the effects of a journalist or a

foreign diplomat whose course is run, you may haply come across certain treasured issues of "Die Zukunft," the little weekly in plain brown covers and of the size of a respectable sheet of notepaper which—there is no exaggeration here—has made history and, if he held a monopoly of them, might also make the fortune of some future historian of Germany's second Kaiser-Epoch. Among them you may find Harden's records of the Moltke suit; his appalling "sixth satire" of the Allenstein case; the three articles "Against the Kaiser" of November, 1908, but probably not the most "historic" of all, that issue which began in the fashion of a dramatist —"A Field in the Uckermark : Night"—that issue which the Crown Prince took to the Kaiser, and which, ultimately, unmasked "Phili Eulenburg" and the men who reckoned that they had "drawn such a magic ring about the Kaiser as he shall not escape."

Harden, whose literary affections swung pendulum-wise at all times between his first love, the stage, and his later prepossession, stage-craft, reckons among his ephemeral writings a deal that, like Addison's contributions to *The Spectator*, may be employed in years to come by students of the comedy—or tragedy—of manners. "Jungfernoper," an eight-page sketch of the first rebellious instincts of German maidenhood, reads strangely to-day, but was in its time in some sense a modest prophecy. Then there are the town and country letters, certain of which, because they were too chiselled for the general public, and eschewed the sesquipedalian stylism which Mark Twain satirized, brought on him the accusation that "Max Witkowski" was an "Ebrew-Jew" who could not write honest German. Dramatic criticisms there are galore, but chiefly, outside the political attacks and social satires, certain "portraits" (Köpfe) whereof some stick perforce in the memory of almost everyone who has read them. Now there are Englished—I expect, with a view chiefly to an American public—a few of the later "Köpfe,"* with a foreword by the Hon. J. W. Gerard, United States Ambassador in Berlin when the war broke out. The translation is spirited, but it

* "My Contemporaries," translated by William C. Lawton. Cape. 12s. 6d.

sometimes halts. Harden can never have talked of Napoleon visiting the "Bellerophon" "under the Parliament Flag." Presumably he wrote "Parlamentär-Flagge"—a flag of truce. But Harden's reputation rests on surer foundation than such sketches. Hindenburg, Stinnes, Lenin, Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Peter of Serbia, Sarah Bernhardt, and "Bonaparte in Adversity" form the present gallery—the last, perhaps, not without a sideways glance at Doorn. Of these nine only two, to my thinking, come somewhere near the old Harden, he who wrote "Holstein" and "Johanna Bismarck," "Galliffet" and "Adalbert Matkowsky." The two are the sketches of Stinnes and Sarah Bernhardt. Consider Stinnes first—Stinnes of the earlier period:

> Close to the wall, on a straw-seated low chair, while nearly all the others are resting in comfortable maple-wood leather-seated armchairs, sits, in his workaday coat, Herr Hugo Stinnes, hardly four-and-thirty, and already crowned—beside the sixty-year-old Herr Thyssen—as mining king, beloved as a hope, feared as the most dangerous of critics. A head that would be striking anywhere, the moist shining eye of a Nazarene enthusiast and the mouth of a cold calculator, with lips that do not open readily. Fine hands, but prematurely aged; the meagre loose-hung frame stiffening at times as if in gloomy fanaticism, like one who desires not to win money but to hearken to the Voice that thunders from on high.

Stinnes, the Rhenish stoic, the low-German Calvin of business—Stinnes in whom simplicity of life and habits was never the pose of the millionaire, nor the necessity of the dyspeptic, but simply the expression of a nature to which "luxury quickly became a burden, the fragrance of culture a wearisome discomfort." Next Sarah:

> From master spirits of other lands, from Ristori, Rossi, Booth, Salvini, Sarah Bernhardt had learned such perfect control over the instrument of her art (her own voice and body) that the most competent critic could hardly be sure at any time whether, during an evening which to him was an epochal event, she remained in her inmost soul calm and cool, or was set aglow through and through by her task. . . . She was for every school the model of perfect recitation; and she could give wings to her utterance, set it sturdily on solid earth, roll it up like a mighty ball, to cast it, high above the dead level of the commonplace, even to the crimsoned peaks of passion.

(Harden's interest is always "on the dangerous edge of things," so that anon he escapes the purple patch by a hairbreadth.)

English readers, perhaps, will turn first to the "Open letter to Lloyd George." It is witty, pungent, and sometimes epigrammatic. But it is not "LI.G."; not the arch-improvisor, the apostle of opportunism, to whom Harden, one may believe, attributes both virtues and vices to which the Coalition-Liberal (or is he by now Coalition-Labourite?) was surely a stranger. The end of the sketch is, for those who are not of the Welsh fold, more convincing than the beginning. "He who yesterday ate Socialists raw, or fried, now finds Mr. Jason Ramsay MacDonald the elect of heavenly wisdom, who shall bring home the Golden Fleece of world-peace."

(It is not altogether without characteristic accuracy that every attribute and every attempted fixation of Mr. Lloyd George is already false before the ink is dry.) "Does he believe what he says? Yes, while the breath lasts with which he utters it. That this man may climb once more to the bleak peak of political power is thinkable, but not that he who confuses Silesia with Cilicia—who stands with no key of understanding, without even an instinct, helpless before the riddles of the Russian continent, will ever again, with a swarm of obedient secretaries, far away from the traditions, the doctrines, the whole atmosphere of the Foreign Office, prescribe the paths of the British Empire. For England knows him: knows him for one who even beneath the snows of age retains his personal charm, but in the inmost heart of his effort always holds, always wished to hold, only himself."

I pass by Clemenceau—it is too much to expect that a German writing originally for Germans should do him justice; and Woodrow Wilson, because Harden, when he wrote, had not, could not have, seen the House Memoirs which rent so mercilessly the garb of resolute idealism. We who watched in amusement the apotheosis of Hindenburg (*apocolocyntosis*—"pumpkinification"—Seneca's old quip fits anew) are like to accept uncritically a German's sarcastic estimate of the German "Abgott": too uncritically, perhaps, since Hindenburg, President of the *Reich*, may yet prove to have deserved better of his people than did Hindenburg, the idolized field-marshal.

"Those We Have No Mind To"

By Oliver Madox Hueffer

(Author of "Needles and Pins," "Hunt the Slipper," "The Artistic Temperament," etc., etc.)

THEY stood together at the corner of the narrow street, looking back to where the flames still reared and bridled above the framework of the great bonfire that dominated the Piazza della Signoria. The purple-shadowed crowd still thronged about it, pressing forward or drawing back as the evening breeze from the hills swept the flames hither and thither, showers of sparks falling upon the more daring, while the galleries and the great tower of the Palace seemed likewise to advance or recede as the shadows rose and fell. Everywhere was the muttering of earnest prayer, the chanting of canticles, the shrill tones of boys' voices crying "Viva Gesu! Viva Gesu!" Never in all her age-long history had the City of the Lilies been swept by a passion so universal or so overwhelming as now when at Savonarola's bidding she was sacrificing the vanities hitherto so dear to her unregenerate heart. There have been many other religious revivals, both before and since, in other countries; at every age and in every clime mankind has been moved by sudden waves of penitence to put its sins behind it for good and all; nowhere perhaps and never has any one reformer brought about so universal a revival as did the grim-faced monk of Florence who bearded Pope and prince alike in the days of the Medici.

Piero stood with his arm thrown lightly across Dolfo's shoulder. Both alike had thrown back the dark Piagnoni cloaks that stood for outward sign of inward penitence. Their brows were dappled with perspiration; their breath came fast; their arms still tingled with the effort of thrusting the condemned gauds and vanities always farther into the glowing furnace with which Florence, at the call of Fra Girolamo, was celebrating, in such novel wise, the coming of Carnevale. Their nostrils were dilated and trembled, as though savouring the scent of burning canvas and leather and wood and paper that hung in the air. There were still tears in Piero's eyes; Dolfo's voice, when he spoke, was broken, as with sobs.

"Satan is, indeed, cast out from Florence," he said brokenly. "Hell is conquered."

"It is as though a great burden had slipped from my

shoulders," agreed Piero. He drew in a great breath as though to express his sense of freedom. "There is no more sin. There can be no more sin."

Above the pious din all about them came suddenly the clear silver note of an ancient bell from some campanile high overhead. The two young men started, counting the strokes.

"I must leave you," said Dolfo.

"Stay," protested Piero. "You would not——?"

Dolfo slipped from beneath his arm and whispered something in his ear, laughing as he did so. It brought a disapproving frown to Piero's brow, but before he could speak Dolfo was gone, lost in the crowd, with a light wave of the hand that yet was checked by the remembrance of the occasion. Piero looked after him, still frowning, sighed, and shrugged his shoulders. He crossed himself earnestly, muttered a prayer, and also went his way, following the narrow street towards the church.

Within the sacred building it was already dusk, save where a pyramid of lighted candles stabbed angrily at the encroaching gloom. Everywhere were penitents, kneeling, crouching, extended at full length, so that it was difficult to pass without stumbling over them. The sound of their muttered supplications rose in a regular buzzing; everywhere was the cloying scent of incense, in sharp contrast to the acrid smell of burning secularities that Piero had left behind him.

He made his way cautiously across the nave, feeling always with a nervous foot before he set it down, until he came to the appointed pillar. There he knelt in abject obeisance, his lips moving rapidly, his brow pressed against the smooth coldness of the marble shaft. For a moment he remained motionless, then, as the hard pavement beneath him irked his knee, he slipped a fold of his thick cloak beneath it. As he did so he cast a swift glance around the pillar. Tita was not yet come.

It was impossible not to feel a certain satisfaction at his own steadfastness, compared to Dolfo. He felt anxious about Dolfo and muttered an earnest prayer for his backsliding friend. On such a day, after such a re-birth, to slip off thus with the declared purpose of forming one of what could be nothing but a gambling party, to cast those very dice which he had sworn for ever to forswear, to drink wine, perhaps too much wine,

to tell stories, amusing stories, not at all sacred—— Of course, it would be pleasant enough, to a sinner, in the gardens of Alleotti's villa, with the moon swaying above the cypresses and the music of the lutes and the white shoulders of girls——

Piero pressed his forehead against the cold marble again and prayed earnestly that his friend's sin might be overlooked, might be lost in the comfortable glow from his own steadfastness. The hard pavement still irked his knees. He arranged another fold of his cloak beneath them and shot another glance round the pillar. Tita was not yet there. What could have kept her?

Certainly there was abounding comfort in the thought that his soul was indubitably saved. It was all the more comfortable to one who belonged by call of ancestry to the Mediceans—to those worshippers of the things of this world upon whose ruin the salvation of Florence was based. To have cast aside all such human prejudices, to have become a favourite disciple of the great Fra Girolamo himself, of that Savonarola whose like had not been seen in all the fifteen centuries since first God's banner waved on earth, could anything be more comforting to a contrite heart? His young limbs stiffened under the restraint of his determined prayers. He shifted them cautiously, and for the third time glanced round the pillar. What could be keeping Tita? Was it possible that her husband suspected——?

It was very pleasant to recall how he had, with a long pole, borrowed from a neighbour in the crowd, himself thrust deep into the flames the playing-cards, the dice boxes, the music-scores, the lutes, the perfumed gloves, that were his contribution to the sacrificial bonfire. They were not really his own property, as it happened. Some had belonged to Giovanni, his elder brother, some to his sister Cecilia. All the greater was his sense of having deserved well. He alone had answered the call. Giovanni remained an impenitent gambler; Cecilia was wedded to her music-fripperies, her lutes, and mirrors and perfumes. Neither would listen even to the most impassioned argument. Giovanni threatened brutal violence for all answer; Cecilia railed in her shrillest voice, for all acknowledgment of her brother's exhortations, modelled though they were upon and in many passages reproducing the very words of the great Prior. Piero smiled

happily as he remembered how he had saved them in spite of themselves. There was a spice of adventure about it, the stealing at dawn into Cecilia's chamber and carrying off, under her very nose as it were, the gauds that weighed so heavily upon her soul. The lute hung from a peg on the wall above her bed, so that he was forced to lean right across her body to take it. One of his fingers caught in a string and it gave out a sudden vibrant note that sent his heart to his mouth deliciously. Cecilia only smiled in her sleep. It was easier with Giovanni. He had been drinking overnight and slept like a hog and as noisily. Piero chuckled beneath his breath as he thought how Giovanni must have cursed and Cecilia railed when they discovered their losses. There might even be an unpleasant quarter of an hour when he went home. At least he would have Heaven on his side and the Frate; they were bold who would lay hands on one of Savonarola's lambs in the full tide of his regency.

A dim shadow glided through the gloom and sank down beside him. The blood raced through his veins. "Tita!" he breathed.

The shadow was absorbed in its devotions. "In the cloister," it sighed, in a voice even lower than his own.

He shifted his position, as though to rise. "Wait," sighed the shadow. "Do not follow at once." Its hands were passionately clasped in prayer, and when it rose its head was bowed in as passionate reflection. It faded into the shadow of a side aisle.

Piero forced himself to wait. He owed, he thought, everything to her. She had first suggested the arcades of San Marco as an excellent meeting-place, and one easy to explain away, if need be. Her husband had found nothing suspect in her love of Savonarola's sermons, which she shared with half the women of Florence. But for her, for the necessity forced upon him of listening to Fra Girolamo's words, at times when she was delayed and it were unwise to linger too openly in the cloister—but for that he might never have found salvation.

It was beyond the patience of flesh and blood to wait any longer. With one last passionate outpouring for the souls of those less certain of their salvation, he rose and followed where Tita had led. There was a faint scent of lilies in the air as he passed through the little door that

gave upon the cloister. It was already night-black shadow beneath the arcades, grey mystery in the open space they ringed. High overhead the tall, slim campanile shed now and again a reflection of pale gold that told of the waning bonfire in the piazza. As he hurried silently round the deserted gallery a darker shade grew upon the darkness, and Tita's exquisite face reached up towards his.

"I must not stay now," she told him when they had gained coherency. "I came only to tell you. He started to-day, not an hour since. For Siena. He will be gone for three days."

"When—when?"

"I listened behind the curtain and overheard. He is to meet there the Venetian of whom I told you."

"But—how soon?"

"When the moon rises. As soon as you can see it touch the top of the second cypress, when you stand by the little green door. Scratch three times—thus. I will be waiting." She sped away noiselessly, leaving him standing there, trembling.

The way to the little green door led up a stony lane, between high walls. It was so steep that no laden horse could climb it, and the villa was on the crest of the hill, its terraced gardens stretching down towards the city. The rising moon had but just topped the wall above which the three cypresses were outlined as Piero came to the little door and waited in the shadow. It was intensely still; there was not a rustle of wind among the leaves; a distant cricket seemed to fill the whole sky with its chirping and to leave a vast void of empty space when it stopped suddenly. The moon climbed the cypress-trunk with maddening deliberation.

Piero had hastened, dreading that he might be too late. He was not more than half an hour too soon. He was radiantly happy, not only with the thought of what was to come, but with the remembrance of what had just passed. Not ten minutes before he had been with Fra Girolamo himself, meeting him by accident just outside the gates of San Marco, whither the real ruler of Florence was returning, a small, dark, solitary figure that gave little token of the great soul that had driven out the princely Medici, defied the Pope himself, and now governed the reborn city in the name of Gesu. Savonarola had

welcomed his young disciple, praised him, smiled upon him with the restrained smile that changed his grim, rugged features into a vision of the saints. In parting he laid his hand lightly upon Piero's curly head, commending him as well as blessing. No man could ask a surer passport into Paradise. Piero could still feel the light touch of the cool hand and his heart swelled with a great sigh of thanksgiving that he, perhaps not altogether unworthy, had thus been singled out for a seat among the elect.

The upper rim of the moon passed by a hair breadth the topmost pinnacle of the brooding cypress. Piero laid his hand upon the weatherbeaten panel of the little door and gave the signal.

She was all in pale green, with a silken fillet in her hair, and the gracious lines of her throat and shoulders gleamed purely in the moonlight. He wondered if he should meet angels so fair when he reached Paradise. She led him at once to the marble bench beneath the statue of Dian that he knew so well, before it the whole city lay trembling in the moonlight; behind was a dense hedge of laurel that shut them off from the world. He brought out the little jewel, gemmed with pearls and with the tiny golden figure of Venus embracing Adonis. He clasped the slender supporting thread of gold round the slim throat that turned from silver to rose-red beneath his kisses. "I had it from the old Jew by the Bridge-head," he told her. "It comes from Byzance. He says that the Empress Theodora once wore it, and that it has the power of bending the stubbornest heart towards her who owns it."

"Is that then so needful, my Piero?" she pouted adorably, and Piero must find better means than words to stay her mock anger.

"Carissimo," she said, starting suddenly within his arms, a little later. "There is not—there cannot be any sin—anything sinful—in our love?"

"Sinful?" he laughed, almost wonderingly. "But—Heaven itself ordained it. Do you not remember how, the first time we heard the Prior preach—when we were still afraid—afraid of our own happiness—we prayed for a sign—a sign that our love was blessed? And do you not remember how the preacher, his eyes falling straight upon us, cried suddenly and very loudly: 'My children, love one another'? And again——"

He recalled a dozen signs and portents, all going to prove that Heaven smiled upon their love, whatever sinful mankind might think about it. She was very ready to be convinced, and the new rapture fell upon them of certainty that in loving each other they were doing no more than their plain duty.

"Oh, my Piero," she sighed a little later. "When the children came round crying that all must give up the vanities nearest to their hearts, I gave them—yes—the gown of orange silk that I wore—you remember it?—at Carnevale last year and that I had meant to give to my tire-maiden. And the necklet of red stones that my father bought for rubies when he was in Byzance and that were only glass. And——"

"You—you did not give them the mirror that I——?"

"Foolish one—that is not a vanity. How could I be sure that I looked beautiful in your dear eyes without it? No—but I gave them all those ugly gold ornaments that he gave me, because they were his mother's, and that I have always felt were chains, binding me to him. He was standing near, but, of course, he could say nothing."

They laughed beneath their breath, looking into each other's eyes.

"And I gave each of them—there were twelve—a quattrino and a list of the vanities they were to collect from that hateful cat my cousin Olivia—rouge and false hair, and the like. I sent my maid to follow them, and when she came back she laughed so much that she could scarcely speak. Certainly Fra Girolamo was wise in choosing such young imps for the good work. Nothing would drive them away from my uncle's house. There they stood crying their 'Viva Gesu!' until the roofs rang with it, and exhorting her to produce her vanities, naming them one by one from the list I had given them, until at last for very shame her father made her do so."

"At least her soul is saved, now that they have gone to feed the great bonfire," said Piero reverently.

"Certainly her soul is saved," agreed Tita. "For she surrendered them to the saints, albeit unwillingly. All the same, they were not burnt. Little Beppo, the gardener's son, was among the boys—the little scapegrace. And for two quattrini he saved them and brought them back here to me. And so—the next time Cecilia

tries to quarrel with me—oh, my Piero—and you have said that her hair is beautiful. Wait only a little and I will show it you—such a braid—it might be the tail of the Gonfaloniere's horse—and golden. But you shall see."

"You kept your promise?" she asked anxiously a little later. "You prayed that his soul might also be saved?"

There was no need to ask to whom she referred. Under such circumstances "he" has always the one meaning. "I prayed, myself, for half an hour," she continued piously, "while I was waiting in Santa Croce until it should be time to meet you."

Piero wrinkled his smooth brows. "Certainly I prayed. But, oh, my Tita, what can we hope from prayers in such a case? Even now he is gone, you say, to meet this Venetian?"

"Else you would not be here," she reminded him. And then, catching the gravity of his tone, "I listened from behind the curtain yesterday and I overheard them. Zurbarone the Venetian, offered, through Del Nero, ten thousand gold sequins to the Council for his choice among the vanities before they should be burned, guaranteeing that they be removed so secretly that the people should never know of it."

"And his effigy was burned on the very top of the pyramid," commented Piero virtuously. "I also heard of it from Fra Domenico."

"But you did not know that he was secretly in league with him in making the offer. He and a third—one of the Mariottis."

"Then his soul must surely——"

"Listen yet a little. You do not know all. This Zurbarone knows one of the friars—who has great influence. You understand me? How it was done I know not, but of the vanities that were collected not one half were burned in the bonfire. Five thousand sequins they paid, the three—and the vanities were taken out of the city by contadini in wagons, hidden I know not how. By this time they are in Siena—where my wicked—where he is now gone to meet the others and divide the profit. He hopes to have for his share five times the sum he risked or more."

"He—oh—I cannot think—I could not have believed that there existed a man so wicked, not in all Florence. To pray for him——"

Her cool palm checked his indignation before it found voice too loudly. "He is wicked, indeed," she agreed. "Yet it is not for us to complain of it. Have you not thought, my heart's delight, that a word of this, whispered to those you know of, and he——?"

"He would not have to wait until he reached the next world for his torments. But—you could never do such a thing as that. He is, after all, your husband."

She laughed very softly, a gentle, tender laugh that hid the shadow of a menace. "Do not think of such a thing. Only—if he should ever discover—what he is not meant to discover—it would be useful to remember and to remind him——"

Her voice died into a tender silence as she drew Piero's head down towards her. Sitting thus, his flushed cheek pillowed on the gracious softness of her shoulder, they gazed silently out over the drowsy city that was filled with so great a promise.

"It is terrible to think that there can be such sin," said Piero at last. "For he cannot be alone. There must be many others like him, down there under the brown roofs, in the very shadow of the Duomo."

She sighed compassionately and drew his head yet lower so that she could bury her lips in his tangled curls.

"Why is it that you and I should have been chosen ——?" he was beginning. The faintest shadow of a frown flickered across her forehead. "It is very wonderful," she agreed. "And very beautiful."

Something in her voice made him lift his head and gaze into her eyes. She rose and inclined her head the least bit in the world towards where the little marble summer-house glistened in the moonshine at the end of the terrace, its silken curtains seeming to beckon as the breeze stirred them.

. . . . . .

The great Florentine reformer has been dead these four centuries or more, but the example he showed is not yet forgotten. Doubtless he failed in his attempts to make the people of Florence religious by legal enactment and to render them virtuous by destroying the gauds and vanities upon which their unregenerate hearts were set, but that was a very long time ago, and human nature has of course changed since his time.

Jeremiah Listens-in

By The Old Stager

OUTSIDE, the week-end had given glorious summer weather, but the radio set was a new toy, and the house party paid scant attention to the pageant of June beyond the loud speaker's range.

By favour of the Ethaphone, we were able to attend nine separate concerts, a complete service of the church and five lectures; we had the cream of the news of a half-dozen 24-page newspapers, the essence of half a score of leading articles, a scene or two from Shakespeare, two comic sketches, children's stories, and some infants' school instruction. We were notified about the progress of Scandinavia's shallow depression and the probable hour of its arrival (*a*) in London, and (*b*) at Daventry; the salient features of the life and genius of a great man whose centenary was being celebrated were supplied gratis; and we were told what we might think about the coal situation, together with the latest movements of Mr. Cook and Mr. Baldwin.

When at last to the strains of an hotel band we went to bed, the general impression was that we went richer in mind than when we left it.

But before at length I found refuge in sleep, the last conscious thought that came to me was a depressing one, and was this: "In the last hundred years, every advance in science has automatically checked our mental development and seriously reduced our happiness."

As a country we groan and travail from two main causes—over-population and under-education.

How does the radio, our latest scientific advance, affect these two vital problems?

To take the latter (and more important) first.

I recall the day when I first saw an American newspaper with scare headlines. I said to myself: "But these atrocities are compiled for ignorant savages by ignorant savages. This is not news, but the most barefaced propaganda. If this goes on, people will lose the power of reasoning."

That was years ago, and the dreadful tendency has yearly grown, until the bulk of the world's press has long since ceased to present facts and news items and has

become a gigantic poster advertisement of somebody's ephemeral opinions.

It may be that one day wireless will put an end to journalism as we know it to-day. But will it give us something more to our advantage? On the walls of the pleasant room, in which we sat in front of the loud speaker all those flaming hours of June, were ranged on shelves the world's literary classics. Here in this room our grandfathers talked, and read, and thought, and wrote. Within these four walls, much of the government of this country was carried on by old Whig statesmen in days less hurried and congested. The very architect who designed the room had it in his mind that he was planning a temple of thought. Those books on the wall were written for our learning. But as our wireless programme dragged on its fearful course, the certainty bore in upon me that radio's very policy was shaped to paralyse the mind and kill the power of reasoning.

Among those books there were set out fairly and impartially by the best brains of this country all the facts in the life of the great genius whose centenary was being celebrated. Into these authorities our grandfathers were wont to dig. They drew out the facts and formed *their own opinions* on the merits of men and things. But we? A common label is issued to us with instructions to tie it to this exhibit or that. We are not even told by what hand, and whether by a worthy hand, the label was prepared. It is already assumed we cannot think for ourselves. We are rationed in culture—as much as we can digest.

Already, we are—intellectually—in the most damnably advanced stage of Communism.

In that pleasant room, our grandmothers—poor, funny, pathetic, old dears—worked their samplers, listened to good talk, and joined politely in when occasion demanded. It is said that they had more patience than the young women of the present day. It is said as one might say, "They wore crinolines, or high waists." No credit is given them. It is not suggested that to say they had more patience is another way of saying they carried to a higher degree the art of living, that they held happiness within them, that their minds were in a

higher state of perfection than ours, whereby they could make life interesting and even splendid without artificial aids. As I watched that group round the loud speaker, hour after weary hour, I saw dreadful things in every face. The vacant mind was seen through vacant eyes; aimless men and women waiting, open-mouthed, for their ration of bread and circuses.

Everyone of them was supplied at birth with the necessary equipment for preparing a palatable meal at all hours of the day. And everyone had allowed this equipment to go to rust, preferring to hang all day outside the communal kitchen for a hastily prepared mess, dished up by an unknown cook of whom nothing was certain, save that he was no *cordon bleu*. The sight, I confess, was not edifying.

In that room, where the minds of our fathers and grandfathers had been formed and exercised by quiet study, by reading and conversation, the bare idea of half an hour's undisturbed reading or fifteen minutes of connected talk had become fantastic. The library as a library had been prostituted. Impossible to believe that ever again among the younger people in the circle there could be one found whose mind or patience could stand the strain of reading through a Shakespeare play or a Scott novel. . . . The tragedy now working itself out on our modern stage becomes suddenly too terrible to witness. I turn my eyes away and consider for a space the economic aspect.

In this over-populated country there are not enough jobs by half to go round. Already for years we have been taking in each other's washing, and even then, vast numbers of able-bodied men are unemployed.

And here, on the radio, ministering to an audience of a million or so, were employed artistes and lecturers necessary (by earlier standards) to instruct or amuse a bare thousand.

If the radio is sufficient entertainment—and it seems it is—for listeners who could fill 1,000 halls, it follows that those who were employed to entertain at 999 of those halls, must be thrown out of work. If a million persons hear the sermon at one church, who will form the congregation at 999 other churches?

If the B.B.C. can instruct at our national schools for half an hour a day, they can do so for 5 hours a day. What is to happen then to 99 per cent. of our school teachers, journalists, actors, lecturers, singers, musicians?

No industry can long be forced to restrain its energies for fear of damaging its rivals. The B.B.C.—whether under Government or private control—cannot for ever undertake not to report events as soon as they have occurred, for fear of cutting down newspaper sales. If it can be an effective medium for instructing the young, it cannot consider the damage that will result to school teachers. How many thousands will be thrown out of work when it starts to sell advertising announcements?

Where, then, is this great scientific invention leading us?

To graver problems of unemployment, to still more abysmal depths of ignorance and unreason.

Piece by piece, the iconoclastic genius of our scientists smashes our treasured heirlooms. With the invention of the telephone they killed the gentlest art of letter-writing and the improving art of conversation. With the internal combustion engine went our peace of mind and our patience; and now the wireless bids fair to take from us the last qualities which still differentiate us in theory from the beasts—the use and development of reasoning powers.

Truly scientific inventions are the inventions of the devil.

What is that you say? Think how scientific genius has lengthened and preserved human life? And what has that resulted in? The roundabout system at Hyde Park Corner! Has it brought us peace? No, it has brought us queues. After centuries of promises, a century of practice, and the expenditure of a horrid number of millions, our educational system has reached a stage of efficiency from which it can claim to teach most of the population to read, more or less. And the wireless has just about reached the stage when it can undertake that, with constant attention by its votaries, this lesson will be forgotten.

The State whose citizens form their opinions of men and things from headlines is in grave danger; but those who take in their creeds through the ear only are a still greater menace to the country.

The Midshipman's Return

By Rear-Admiral Fisher

To go away for three years when you are only fifteen is to say good-bye to home for ever—and at the end of that time to get orders by telegraph to return to England "by next Government opportunity" seems little short of a miracle—the recall of an outcast to a life that is almost forgotten, the thread of which has been lost.

It was over thirty years ago that I and five others were ordered home from the fine frigate in which we had travelled many thousands of miles, under sail and steam. We were excited at the thought of change. We enjoyed our farewell dinner in the gun-room, our last night in our hammocks and the thought of no more night watches for a bit, no more sail-drill—but for me it was not till we got much nearer England that thoughts of home took definite shape. An awkward corner had to be rounded before I actually got away. There was my old Malay washerman to pay, my club bill, a tailor—the first account had been a monthly anxiety ever since I had been on the station. It used not to be more than fifteen shillings, the club bill about half that, and to the tailor I owed a guinea. Now, a midshipman who could not meet his washing bill was looked upon almost as a felon. "Jones hasn't paid his washing bill this month!" Could anything more awful be said of him in the gun-room, and how could such a crime fail to reach the commander's ears? The old Malay himself might report it. Assets half a sovereign. Really this "going home" was no joke. Time was short. No midshipman that I had ever heard of had left the station "owing money all over the place." What a name to leave behind one! Make a clean breast of it to one of the lieutenants and borrow with a promise to pay as soon as one got home? In those days a midshipman was one thing and a lieutenant very much another. Anyhow, I decided it was utterly out of the question; and then suddenly came relief, though disguised as the final crushing blow. A large parcel lay on the gun-room table—a customs officer inquiring for me—9s. 6d. duty to pay on the contents, which turned out to be a new blue serge suit, two pairs of flannel trousers, flannel shirts, brown boots, with odds and ends of collars

and ties. The cargo I had been so long waiting for from home, and which I had asked should be sent to meet me at Zanzibar had turned up at Simonstown just in time, but somewhat encumbered. The duty was paid; I was practically penniless; but if and when I got home, at least I should be decently dressed.

My old plain clothes, old flannels and shirts were put up to auction, and the proceeds satisfied the club and the washing. The tailor—a nasty, nagging man—became more and more importunate. We were to sail to-morrow from Cape Town in one of the old Indian troopers. In great dejection I went ashore for a last walk along the dusty, windswept coast-road, and stopped to talk to the cobbler who had been in the habit of patching up my boots for so long. He was almost blind, and being toothless was difficult to understand. I told him he would no longer be set such difficult tasks by me, for I was homeward bound. The dear old fellow looked at me as if he was almost sorry, and because of it I unburdened myself to him. Without a word he slowly hoisted himself up, hobbled into his shop and returned with a sovereign. He made no mention of paying back, but I didn't forget him when I got home. The slight matter of the railway fare to Cape Town was adjusted by my being put officially in charge of a draft of time-expired seamen, and thus I got a Government pass and joined the troopship a clear threepenny bit to the good.

We midshipmen were berthed on the lower deck aft in what was called the Pandemonium, with bunks, not hammocks, to sleep in, and we thought this palatial. The ship was full of military details, many of the officers' wives and families being on board as well.

It was a most delightful voyage home—we had only the smallest duties given to us, and the novelty of being in a steamship that could actually hold her course and keep steadily punching every second nearer England whatever the wind and weather was incredible.

How jolly to think of all that had happened since the day when outward bound I was straining my eyes for the first sight of Table Mountain—a small boy of fifteen!

I had sailed a good many thousands of miles since then; St. Helena—well-known from three or four visits—was connected chiefly in my mind with the charming

French family officially entrusted with the care of Napoleon's tomb. Some of us midshipmen used to steal ashore—with or without leave—after dinner at night and do that very arduous walk up the rugged path to Longwood, and dance in the old barn, or play hockey on the green if there was a moon. There were enough daughters to go round, and all pretty, and those nights, notwithstanding sprained ankles coming home down the hill, stand out as specially happy ones.

Sun-scorched Ascension, with its turtles and strange sea birds, we knew also, and Sierra Leone was very familiar. There was little for midshipmen to do ashore there. I used to walk out and bathe in the Judges' Pool—a small pond about two miles from Freetown—the path there was a pretty one through a forest, and I liked to watch the monkeys swinging overhead. I remember one afternoon meeting about a dozen black boys of about my own age and, whilst I was dressing, watching the water dry out in patches on their oily skins. They came from a school with English masters and spoke English perfectly. Before many minutes our conversation became a sort of educational duel. Arithmetic, algebra, Latin, we fired back at one another, Greek even, and I was hard put to it to hold my own.

Bathurst I should like to see again, and Accra, where one lands through the surf. The latter is associated in my mind with a great cricket match and a dignity ball at which the black girls appeared in low-necked dresses and insisted on the greatest punctilio of deportment. "No etiquette," they would say, if asked to dance without an introduction, at the same time indicating some unsavoury-looking gentleman in a bright red tie who would carry out the necessary formalities.

Fernando Po with its dense jungle, huge butterflies, and primitive forest men (pigmies) we knew—we had had a taste of tornadoes, too, and in a sailing ship they are unforgettable. St. Paul de Loanda, Walfisch Bay, Saldanha Bay, where we shot buck, and far-off Tristan d'Acunha we have visited—I was glad to have been to Tristan d'Acunha, a wonderful conical mountain rising straight out of the sea, visible at a great distance. We brought the colony their yearly mail, also the Bishop of St. Helena to baptize, confirm, and marry. But, as

usual in those stormy latitudes, the bishop could not land, and the islanders had to walk round to the lee-side and come on board us. They were an unhealthy, inbred collection of people, with shoes made of rough hide or seabird skins, and tattered apparel, but part owners of great herds of oxen, sheep, and goats. In exchange for beef we gave them candles, cocoa, oatmeal, rifles, and ammunition; their herds had become so wild that a rifle was necessary.

We took back some twenty of these descendants of Old Peter Green to the Cape, but I fear that the transplanting was little to their good, and they did not long survive.

It was real sailorizing in those latitudes—the "roaring forties." Many a time did the whole middle watch pass reefing topsails. I used to enjoy the weather yard-arm more than the lee. It took a long time to "light out to windward" and to "pass the weather ear-ring," but it was more comfortable to be that side than dangling from the yard-arm overhanging and dipping close to the crested seas.

The east coast we had got to know well, too. We had lain for weeks in Delagoa Bay in the greatest state of excitement anticipating orders to land and take the Portuguese town of Ponta Delgada. Mozambique was more familiar to me than Dartmouth, and Zanzibar, where I met Tippoo Tib and Sir H. H. Johnston, was frequently visited. At sunset I used generally to find myself in the square of the Sultan's palace to hear his army band play the Zanzibar Anthem, which sounded very fine. The tune is as fresh in my memory as is the odd sickly smell of native life and sandalwood which permeated the narrow streets.

In those days there were slave dhows and boat cruising from ships of the squadron and occasional skirmishes, and a little farther north at Mombasa, or south at the Pungwe River, there was big game to be shot.

And now I was on my way home to tell my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, of all that I had seen and done.

I did not grudge a single day of that three weeks' voyage home. The dinners in the big saloon were great fun, and, as we got nearer home and got to know everyone

better, the fun increased. One fiery little major showed how to crack a walnut on the table with his forehead. Of course, "for the honour of the service," we had to follow suit. Soon every officer felt similarly bound, and thus it came about that after the port had circulated a regular *feu de joie* passed up and down the long table, and handkerchiefs were seen mopping the blood from many a brow; the trick, of course, is that if the head is brought down with sufficient force, it is the nut that cracks and not the head. It is the timorous who suffer scars, and many stepped ashore in England severely marked.

We anchored at Spithead on a most beautiful August morning, and as hot a day as any that we had had on the voyage home across the equator. The excitement of getting ashore! But before going to the station a few formalities of reporting our arrival to the naval authorities had to be gone through, and a letter to be got from my outfitters with money. I learnt that all was well at home, my home in Surrey between Guildford and Dorking. And now what train could I catch? It is early afternoon. If I hurry I can just catch one that will get me home about four. I decide against that—I must send a telegram first—there must be no surprise. I want a properly staged welcome. I shall start at about five—it is a slow train, and I don't reach home by it till after seven—but it is the train for me.

And so, telegram sent, I turn into the public gardens, near the Portsmouth town station, and in warm sunshine sit and wait. There is the town hall clock to keep me straight, there are lovely flowerbeds to look at, such as I had not seen for three years, and the *va et vient* of such a spot is not uninteresting. And I shall get home at the end of the day, just as I had always planned. I don't quite know why, but a homecoming has always seemed to me to be an affair for the evening. It is incongruous at 11 a.m., or 2 p.m., but just perfect at 7 p.m.

I have walked through the gardens hundreds of times since and seen masts and yards, then visible over the chimneypots of old Portsmouth, give place to the fighting-tops of the modern battleship; but I have never forgotten that afternoon of glowing anticipation.

I stir myself at last and make for the station. I feel an almost irresistible impulse to tell every guard, in-

spector, and porter that I am home to-day from foreign lands, and I believe I do tell a good many. The train loiters—never mind, I have scarcely been in any sort of train for years. It is a glorious evening. The scent of new mown grass, flowers, bracken, woods, and farms, which makes so strong an impression on a sailor long unfamiliar with such things, can be enjoyed at leisure. The country folk who get in and out are steeped in the scent of the country. At Guildford I change; ten minutes' pacing the platform, and I am off along the branch line. It is the last of the evening. I am now keenly on the watch for every well-known landmark, at the bend of the line I have head and shoulders out of the window, and as I see the loom of the country station I feel the brakes. Yes, there is a little group there. I wave my hat, and the next second five brothers followed by my father are running alongside my door. They look very tall, and are all in flannels, four older than me, and one younger.

The family cricket match against the village just over. Inconsequent questions and answers. My mother and sisters waiting at home so as not to be too overwhelming at the station. Luggage brings one to earth again. It is put in the carriage, and I drive slowly away with my father, the others hanging on behind. Halfway up the hill I see figures in white in the dusk, and the next moment I am out of the carriage and surrounded by sisters. Sisters let themselves go in a way that brothers don't, and I shall never forget those soft, yet excited, voices, nor the sudden realization of what I had been banished from so long.

When I reach my mother, I am the centre of a crowd, each one pointing out in what respect I have changed, whilst I am trying to fit myself into my old niche in the family. Unconsciously and, I hope, humbly I measure myself against my brothers. How quick they are with their jokes and allusions! By comparison I see myself slow, stupid, a bit pompous and tongue-tied, but what matters? I am home again—no longer alone.

"Old Jack's" Last Shift

By G. E. Moore

LEAVING the village street and picking his way over a rough colliery railway, "Old Jack" entered the pit yard. Passing by the stacks of pit props and, here and there, the rusted debris of broken and discarded machinery, he reached the lamp-cabin. The one-legged man inside swung away from the humming little machine at which he was cleaning safety lamps and nodded a greeting.

"Howdee, Jack?"

"Howdee, Bill?"

Taking his lamp and little brass token, Old Jack crossed through the thick mud to a rickety iron staircase which led to the upper portion of the pit-head building. As he climbed, all the familiar picture of the pit yard and the colliery village opened out beneath him.

To the right lay the winder-house, from which two greasy steel ropes rose to the overhead winding gear. Close by it was the building in which compressors sucked the outside air in huge, thudding gulps and sent it through a big pipe to coal-cutters in the workings below. Away to the left there spread a vast, ugly heap of rubble.

Underneath him ran the railway, and on it a fussy little engine was urging a train of empty trucks into the yard. Here and there lay all the useful or forgotten impedimenta of colliery work. At the yard entrance stood an electric sub-station, its clean new brickwork in strange contrast to all the drab surroundings; from it the overhead feeder wires stretched over pole after pole away across the fields into the mist on the distant hills.

Around the pit yard lay the colliery village; a little community with row after row of one-storied cottages in rough stonework—many of them with weird aerials slung precariously over the long strips of back garden. At one end of the main street the Miners' Institute rose above the cottage roofs, while, farther along, the imposing frontage of the newly-built Co-operative Stores overwhelmed the modest old colliery offices next door. At the edge of the village the green fields seemed to begin suddenly.

Old Jack's mind received all these impressions with a certain instinctive and quiet satisfaction. Though all the

details of the scene were engraved upon his mind, he yet awaited them as he slowly made his daily ascent of the staircase. All this around him was his whole world, the only real world. Newspapers, gossip, a twenty-year-old visit to the neighbouring town, and even the wonderful coming of wireless, were but vague evidence of a vaster world beyond his ken. *This* was his world, and he was a part of it.

His gaze sought for a cottage near the Institute and lingered on it for a moment. *Home!* Then he turned into the pit-head building.

From comparative quiet he came into all the clangour of pit-head work. As the cage appeared from the shaft and jerked up the gates with a crash, two empty tubs were rushed at the full tubs inside; these, helped onwards by the banksman, came running out. At a signal from the banksman the cage "decked" upwards and the two lower tubs rattled out. Another signal, a pause, and then suddenly the cage dropped out of sight and the gates crashed into place.

The banksman turned and noticed Old Jack.

"Howdee, Jack?"

"Howdee, Sam?"

Old Jack settled himself on a battered seat and watched the familiar scene. The tubs of coal were rushed along the iron floor to the weigh-cabin. As they passed over the platform a boy read the collier's brass tally hung on each, and his shrill voice carried the number to the weighman and check-weighman inside the cabin. With a final push from the lad each tub continued its noisy journey to an inclined runway where, with the last human guidance, it was gripped by a travelling rack and jerkily passed on out of sight.

At length, when a "set" of tubs had been hauled to the surface, the banksman hung a swing-gate at each end of the cage. Old Jack and two others crept in. Quietly and stealthily the cage moved down into the mouth of the shaft, and the heavy gates crashed into place. Then suddenly, as daylight vanished, the cage dropped with a surge. Save for an occasional gentle thud against the guides and, half-way down, the rattle of the other cage passing up, the journey was silent.

Then, from beneath, and strangely near, came the

sound of singing. Presently the cage reached the bottom and the yellow rays of a solitary electric lamp shot in through a curtain of dripping water. The onsetter finished his song as he pulled up the swing-gate.

"Howdee, Jack?"

"Howdee, Bob?"

A set of laden tubs came thundering out of the darkness and stopped suddenly. Old Jack, with a parting nod to the onsetter Bob, pushed his way between the tubs and the whitewashed wall. Then, when the roof lowered abruptly, he turned off down an incline.

The gleam from his jerking lamp showed a narrow tunnel about four feet high; over his head loomed a twelve-inch iron pipe and, slung beside it, a snake-like electric cable. Underfoot the way was steep and slimy. Suddenly the pipe turned at right-angles into a recess. Old Jack halted. For a moment there was deep and penetrating silence.

Then—strange and uncanny sound!—came the plaintive cry of a cat. A smile slowly dawned on Old Jack's face, and he nodded his head as though in answer. As he opened a door and switched on the light, a cat sprang from overhead and purred a delighted welcome into his ear. Stroking the cat, and still nodding and smiling, Old Jack entered the pump-house. The door closed, and this quiet chamber fathoms below the earth's surface became, in an uncanny sense, a place without position.

In this pump-house Old Jack spent the hours of his "shift" each day. It was a large, arched cavern lined in whitewashed brickwork. In it was installed an electric motor which drove a massive pump. A "sump" underneath received the drained water from the pit workings, and the pump forced it through the big pipe away up to the surface far above. Here, amid the roar of the pumping machinery, Old Jack worked his shift—the cat his sole companion. But while the man spent one-third of each day below, his feline friend was fated to pass its whole existence here, ostensibly on account of the mice.

Placing the cat on a rough seat Old Jack reached up to a shelf and brought down a saucer. Intently watched by the cat he fumbled in his pocket and produced a small bottle of milk. He slowly emptied this into the saucer, the cat, after a tentative lick, patiently waiting until the saucer was full. Having seen the bottle placed upon the

shelf, the cat glanced at Old Jack's grinning face and then began to lap the milk.

Old Jack crossed to the sump and examined the height of the water, which, with the time, he carefully marked in a book. He closed the big iron switch and started-up the electric motor. With a startling clangour the machinery slowly came into motion, and ere long its steady, relentless roar dominated the confined space.

An hour later Old Jack slowly made his way around the plant on one of his periodical inspections. He had but a vague idea as to how electrical energy became available from a power-station twenty miles away and, down here, drove the pump which forced great volumes of water to the surface; yet he had a deep and abiding interest in these connected and subtle masses of metal and, within the narrow limits of his duty, allowed nothing to pass undone, and felt no small care to be wasted.

So now, swinging himself up by the guard-rail, he reached over and felt the bearings. One seemed warmer than usual and, hesitating as he half-stepped back, he again reached forwards. He had made such an examination many hundreds of times before, so assuredly as to be unaware of the ever-present danger. But this time, out of all the innumerable opportunities, that danger took swift shape as the particular poise of his body and his foothold on the greasy metal favoured it. Old Jack slipped, overbalanced, and fell forwards. . . . .

The machinery roared on with unslackening energy while the man who had set it in motion lay smashed and lifeless amid its relentless mechanism. On the seat the cat dozed fitfully.

. . . . . .

Hours later the door opened, and the man who arrived to relieve Old Jack was surprised to meet a distraught cat. He entered the pump-house and, vaguely puzzled and uneasy, looked around. Suddenly a mighty shudder ran through him and he leapt to the switch, his usual greeting never being uttered.

Yet, perhaps, when Old Jack's shift had come to tragic close hours before and this narrow confine eighty fathoms deep in the earth had given place to a vast and limitless sphere, he may have been welcomed there by the familiar greeting:

"Howdee, Jack?"

In the Alban Hills

By Colonel John Hoskyn, D.S.O.

For about ten miles from the gate of Rome to the foot of the hills, the road lies across the open, rolling plain of the Campagna. Low, bare ridges succeed one another like waves of the sea, and the uncompromising monotony of the landscape is broken only by a dark outline of ancient tombs ranged along the Appian Way, by the grey arches of the Claudian Viaduct bestriding the plain, and by an occasional modern dwelling-house or roadside inn.

The electric tram-car glides breezily like a boat over the undulations of this wind-swept prairie, then mounts, straight as a starling's flight, between the ruins of old villas and the gardens of modern ones, to the little town of Albano in the hills.

In the central piazza of Albano, where the tram halts, the majority of the male inhabitants of the town are standing in groups, with their hands in their pockets, deeply meditative; for it is Sunday morning, and this is the Sunday morning occupation of all good Italians, while their women-folk are at home getting ready the *collazione*.

They are all dressed in black, squash hats with broad brims, and long funereal coats—must not the decencies of the Sabbath be observed? The first impression of gloom, however, vanishes at the sight of the strong, bronzed, cheery faces, full of character and individuality. There are a few girls among the groups of men, dark, handsome girls with olive complexions, eyes as black as sloes, and thick, lustrous black hair.

Beyond Albano the road winds, still mounting, along the slope of an olive-covered hillside to Genzano. To the right, the foot-hills sink to the plain, which stretches mistily away to the silver-grey band of the sea. At Genzano we left the tram and wandered into a labyrinth of little lanes and alleys ankle-deep in slush. Through this labyrinth we were guided by a muddy snowball

which increased as it rolled along, to the number of twenty or thirty small children.

The snowball escorted us, with song and dance, out of the purlieus of Genzano, and set us on the road to Nemi; then it stopped and gathered round us, an expectant snowball, conscious of service performed. It is not expensive work to make Italian village children happy; a little less than two-pence worth of variegated copper and nickel coins turned these urchins into kings and queens and filled the local sweet-shop for the rest of the morning.

The sky was overcast as we walked on the road to Nemi. Great masses of white cloud were dragging themselves heavily up from the Mediterranean and piling along the southern and western horizons; but overhead the lighter grey clouds were moving swiftly before a gusty wind, and here and there watery gleams of sunlight fell on the lake and the woods and the hills. For at our feet was a crater, a great cup hollowed out of the bosom of the hills; and in the hollow a lake, smooth as a mirror, gloomy as the tarn from which King Arthur drew the sword Excalibur, fringed about with dark cypresses, and reflecting in its still depths a vision of a grey castle set upon a cliff on the far side of the crater.

This is the cradle of the gods. Before Rome had a name, the shepherds of Alba Longa and Tusculum prayed and sacrificed to Father Jupiter on the mountain above the lake, and watched Apollo walking on the hill-tops, or the grey cattle of the sky herded home by winged-footed Mercury. The lake itself is sacred to Diana; on a little bluff at the water's edge below us the broken columns of her temple gleamed amid black cypresses.

We followed the road, which leads along the edge of the crater past a monastery, then plunges into the woods, still keeping at the same level of three hundred feet or so above the lake. The season was late February; the trees were bare, except the oaks, which were still clothed with the brown, withered leaves of last year, and the olives in their perennial mantle of dark green and silver; but among the fallen leaves which carpeted the woods, tiny green and yellow spear-heads were pushing their way up into the light, the pioneers of spring. Clumps

of violets nestled in sheltered nooks by the roadside, and crocuses and hyacinths, too shy as yet to open their white and blue buds, decked a little lawn under a grove of chestnuts. A tiny stream curved round the skirts of the lawn, then tumbled, too astonished to expostulate, over a lap of moss into a rocky pool fifty feet below, where it lay bubbling and panting to recover breath after its first great adventure.

Nemi village looked dull and grey under the clouded sky, but it is a picturesque place enough, clustering round a castle which seems to grow out of the rock, on the summit of a crag overhanging the lake. Silvery-green olive orchards surround it; even its children, who stood by the roadside to gaze at us, seemed dull and lifeless, but as we entered the village between dingy rows of grey houses, round the corner came a tall girl in an orange-coloured dress, and in the basket balanced on her comely black head was a blazing mass of yellow daffodils. Forthwith the village of Nemi, its castle, and all its appurtenances, became merely the background to this picture of the daffodil girl, and so they remain in my mind to this day.

Beyond Nemi the road disappears, and we found ourselves on a soft track deep in leaf-mould leading up through the woods towards the Sacred Hill. We passed a little row of caves in the hillside, like a row of suburban villas; imagination pictures a colony of sociable hermits settled here, sitting at their doors in the cool of a summer evening and enjoying the fresh breeze from the sea; but their habitations have long been deserted and are oozing now with water and festooned with ferns and mosses. Below on the left was a little valley of cultivated fields set like an emerald in the golden-brown woods; and towering above the valley, overlooking it and the dark lake, was a huge rock, flat on top; a natural altar or pulpit, or the Council Rock of the gods of this forest.

Presently the hillsides closed in on us, and we were in the upper gorge of the valley, in the midst of the dense forest which clothes the sides of the Sacred Hill. Our path grew narrower and fainter, until it was merely indicated by two grass-grown ruts; finally it disappeared altogether. What cared we? We climbed steadily,

following little goat-tracks. The woods were full of enchantment. Fauns and dryads peered at us through the tangled undergrowth; indistinct pagan forms glided between the tree-trunks; there was whispering and smothered laughter all around us.

Far down a glade carpeted with brown leaves we caught a glimpse of an uncouth, shaggy-haired satyr standing, finger on lip, listening attentively. It was the noise of our footsteps which had alarmed him; the moment we saw him, he was aware of us too, and instantly before our eyes he was transformed into a gnarled, lichen-covered, moss-bearded oak, with fantastic roots and brown twisted limbs.

Presently we came to a clearing in the forest, an open, level space, roughly oval in shape, surrounded by tall trees and dense thickets of undergrowth. At one end of the glade, beneath the branches of two giant oaks, was a spring of water, and near it a mound of stones which had once been an altar; we could trace the foundations of a little temple, and could discover, half-buried in the mould of unnumbered centuries, the broken shafts, purple with age, of the twin pillars which once upheld its porch. There was no trace of inscription, nor any carving or bas-relief to suggest to us to what deity the shrine had been set up, or when, or by whom. But the spirit of Pan dwelt in the place. The murmurings in the forest around us grew louder and more insistent as we stood before the altar.

We could hear the rustle of light footsteps on the dry leaves. Was it just the wind, or were the people of the woods watching us to see what we would do? What could we do that was fitting? We had no worthy sacrifice to offer. We plucked some crocuses, purple and white, and some blue hyacinths and white anemones, the first flowers of early spring, which nestled in the moss around the roots of the giant trees; and we laid the nosegay on the altar, not in mockery, but with due courtesy and deference, in the spirit of men who pay a decorous homage to the seigneur of the land.

The whispering and rustling ceased, and for moments there was a tense silence, like that of a crowd watching the crisis of a spectacle in which it is keenly interested;

then came a little ripple of laughter, and a faint clapping of hands; it seemed that we had done well, and our offering was acceptable—or else a fresh gust of wind was rubbing together the dry branches and rustling the withered leaves of the oaks.

The clouds grew thicker now, and rain began to fall; so we set down hill again, and presently found a track which led us over a shoulder of hill and brought us to a point from which we looked down on the Alban Lake, a broad sheet of water, not dark, and beset with precipices like Nemi, but open to the sky and silver-grey through the haze of the falling rain.

On one side the long grey Castel Gandolfo crowned a low ridge; opposite it were the green slopes of Alba Longa, the birthplace of the shepherds whose descendants conquered the world. Over the far lip of the lake the rolling Campagna stretched to where Rome lay, a misty blur on the edge of the world. The shower passed away, and a sunbeam travelled swiftly across the grey landscape and lit up for a moment the great dome of Saint Peter's, dominating the Eternal City. We were in the world of realities again.

Some Common "Incurables"

By Dr. L. C. Dundas Irvine

One sometimes hears it said, "The medical profession are a lot of humbugs. They cannot even cure a common cold." I propose briefly to discuss a few common ailments and show what truth, if any, there is in the quoted allegation and the reasons for its assertion.

Certainly there can be few more irritating and incapacitating things than a cold, and the aggregate of hours of work lost in the year by sufferers from this complaint must reach many millions. What is a cold? Speaking scientifically, it is an acute infection of the mucous membrane of the nose and throat by germs, usually "caught" from another sufferer, sometimes "caught" from oneself when, owing to exposure to cold or wet, the bodily resistance is lowered, and germs which had been lodging more or less innocuously in the tonsils or nasal cavities, get a hold on the temporarily weakened tissues.

It may be of varying severity, popularly recognized as a feverish cold, an influenza cold, etc. Is it incurable? Certainly not. It is perfectly easily cured if the sufferer will only consent to go to bed. But that is a thing very few will do. "What! go to bed with a cold? Nonsense!" And off they go to spread infection far and wide, thinking themselves heroes.

In our modern civilization the mucous membrane of the mouth and nose is constantly being irritated. Petrol fumes, soot, and other irritants for ever assail it, and in winter it is exposed to sudden and extreme changes of temperature, the difference between a hot office and a city street in the winter being as much as 40 degrees. Small wonder is it then that nasal catarrh is so frequent, and that people ripe to catch cold are present in dozens in every bus or tube. How, then, can a cold be cured? First, by taking to one's room, to one's bed if there is any rise of temperature, and so avoiding sudden changes of temperature in the air breathed; by stopping completely for awhile the irritation of tobacco fumes, by inhaling

some simple non-irritating disinfectant, such as Friar's Balsam, and by attending to the regular bodily functions. A couple of days so spent at the first onset of a cold will save weeks of indifferent health and much discomfort, and, perhaps, more important still, will save many innocent victims of your "bravery."

How is one to protect oneself against others? This is not so easy. Buses, tubes, theatres, etc., cannot be avoided in ordinary life, but by douching out the nose and gargling the throat with some simple cleansing preparation as a daily routine, just as one cleans one's teeth, many an attack will be prevented.

One word of warning may well be inserted here. It has been proved up to the hilt that alcohol in any form taken to keep you warm before you go out into the night air is the worst possible procedure. There is no more likely method of producing exactly what one wishes to avoid. There may possibly be some argument in favour of alcohol after coming *into* a warm room from a cold exterior, but to take it before going out is to exhaust one's bodily heat in an attempt to warm the open air and to succumb to that exhaustion very rapidly, either in the shape of a severe internal chill or a nasty self-inoculated cold, possibly even pneumonia.

Another common "incurable" is hay fever. This is a very curious and interesting type of illness (to all but the sufferer). It belongs to a group of symptoms due to what is now known as "Protein sensitization." Another form of the same condition is the well-known "nettle-rash." In a manner not yet completely understood the body becomes sensitive to some forms of organic substances in such a way that it is poisoned by these substances, the poisoning showing itself in an inflammation—to put it broadly—of the skin or mucous membrane. The skin comes out in blisters and weals that come and go, and itch intolerably. The mucous membrane of the nose, throat, and eyes secretes vigorously and becomes very swollen and tender. Proteins of all kinds may do this. Fish, especially shell-fish, strawberries, some flowers when touched, the pollens of grasses, sometimes horsehair or feathers. Sensitization may be produced, it is not quite known how, in people formerly immune. But

desensitization is now possible. By a gradual course of minute doses of the protein that is causing the trouble, the body can be desensitized and the unpleasant trouble ended. The process is not absolutely certain yet, and failures are still numerous, but year by year it is becoming better understood, and we may hope very soon that hay fever, with its utter ruination of the few pleasant summer days we do get, will be banished.

Another manifestation of "protein sensitivity" is asthma. This most unpleasant condition has baffled medicine for centuries, but there is no doubt now as to the cause, and though, like hay fever, the cure is not yet certain, a careful search may uncover the protein, and a course of desensitization remove the malady.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the protein need not be a *food* protein. The hair or fur of animals, horses, cats, or dogs may be the origin of the poison, or the feathers of birds—a down pillow, for instance.

Just as in hay fever, tests may be made with numerous substances until one is discovered which gives a definite reaction.

Rheumatism is another chronic trouble that spoils the peace of life for very many people. There are two kinds of rheumatism absolutely different from each other. Both may be present in the same person, but they are due to totally different causes. The true rheumatism, rheumatic fever as it should be called, is probably an infection. It can be present in every degree of severity from the "growing pains" of children to the terribly severe form that is sometimes fatal after a week or so of illness, and also manifests itself in a very different shape as chorea or St. Vitus's dance. It is characterized by pains in the muscles and joints, sometimes accompanied by swelling, and there is always, especially in children, a danger of permanent damage to the heart. A serious care should always, therefore, be taken of children with "growing pains," or a tendency to fidget or twitch lest unknown and unobserved, the heart is being injured. Rheumatic fever in its acute or its mild forms is extremely prone to recur, and histories of three or four attacks of severe rheumatic fever are quite common. Once the rheumatic tendency is established there is no

known means of eradicating it, though by living in a dry climate it may be held in check. Cold and wet are its greatest friends, especially when assisted by fatigue or alcohol. There is one specific drug, the salts of salicylic acid, which acts upon it almost like a charm, but this should never be given without a doctor's advice, as, wrongly administered, it is not without danger. Aspirin is a form of salicylate which is very freely marketed and which is extremely valuable, but certainly not innocuous as it is sometimes believed to be.

The other form of "rheumatism" ought not to be known by that name at all as it has nothing whatever to do with the true rheumatic fever. It is sometimes known as rheumatoid arthritis, or gouty rheumatism, and is due to a poisoning from within by harmful substances usually formed by the action of bacteria. It never affects the heart, but manifests itself in various ways as neuritis, sciatica, deformed and crippled joints, etc.

It is not, of course, the only cause of these painful affections, but a very frequent one, and a sufferer from them should cause a very thorough search to be instituted for the focus whence the poisons are emanating.

Common situations are the teeth, nose, throat and large bowel, and the trouble once localized and eradicated, a very gratifying and rapid improvement usually follows.

When the expected improvement fails to mature, suspicion should be raised of a second focus not so far detected. The diet is frequently a prominent factor in the cause or removal of the pain. Alcohol, again, as in so many human conditions, is definitely contra-indicated, and an evening when wine or spirits, but particularly wine, has been partaken of, is invariably followed by a day of increased pain. Butchers' meat, also, seems to increase the pain, particularly when the focus of absorption is in the large bowel, as it so often is.

A useful aid is what was known, some years ago, as the sour milk cure, a craze for which swept throughout England. It was claimed as a cure for every conceivable ill. These wild claims were, of course, followed by disillusionment, and the treatment fell into disrepute. Nevertheless, it is extremely helpful in rheumatoid arthritis due to intestinal absorption.

The Outlook of a Young Conservative

By Patrick Devlin

(Vice-President of the Cambridge Union)

CONSERVATISM is not a creed instantaneously attractive to young men. It is indeed only by placing an especial interpretation upon the word that there can be evolved that wider conservatism which alone can find a place in the hearts of the younger generation. For youth will not tolerate the conservatism that is the conservation of decay, the prejudiced obstruction of all progress, or the preservation upon a care-and-maintenance basis of institutions that have long since served their time. Rather it demands the conservatism that does not blind itself to changing needs, that offers to the onrushing forces of reform, not an unyielding resistance, but a slow and discriminating check, and that selects from those forces the sounder elements, formulates them, and harmonizes them with the traditions of the past. Such is the creed which sets out neither to destroy the structure of the State nor yet to retain it in useless antiquity, but rather to add to it, remodel its detail, and repair the ravages of the years, keeping always its essential character; in short, it is a conservation not of the letter of the law so much as of the spirit that infuses it. Withal, it is a creed not dazzled by idealism; that, though it sees the goal ahead, refrains from plunging helter-skelter to grasp at it; that realizes that the preservation of the heritage of the ages is a greater and a nobler task than creation by the raw and untutored mind; and that is not abashed to let the eager fires of youth's enthusiasms be sobered by experienced maturity.

This, in a few words, is the spirit which should vivify the conservatism of the present century. It is impossible to confine to as brief a space the principles in which such a spirit might well find expression. But there are two,

at any rate, which may be incorporated herein, because they are in themselves of the first importance, and because they are not sufficiently recognized in the conservatism of to-day. They may succeed also in shattering the illusion that progressive conservatism is synonymous with adherence to the left wing of the party and therefore that it must necessarily progress in the direction of Liberalism or Labour. It is possible to be unalterably opposed to the tenets of these two parties, to belong, in fact, to the extreme right wing of Toryism, and yet to point to a goal and to formulate a sure and steady route towards it, in a programme which may well invite successfully the co-operation of English youth. To elaborate the two main principles upon which such a programme should depend is the main object of this article.

In the first place, it is time that England should realize that its continued participation in the efforts of the League of Nations to bring about the security of Europe is prejudicial to the interests of the British Empire. It was right that the League, based upon so noble a conception, should have been given an opportunity to prove itself a practical proposition; the time has now come to pronounce it a failure. Its tolerance of French maladministration in the Saar and its complete inaction, in word as in deed, during the occupation of the Ruhr raised doubts even in friendly quarters, and such suspicion was first translated into fact by the episode at Corfu. No casuistry, however skilful—and the apologists at Geneva were brilliant—can cover the fact that the League was defied with impunity by Signor Mussolini, that it allowed its functions to be usurped by the Conference of Ambassadors, and that it acquiesced in the excessive penalty inflicted upon Greece. Nor was it less pitiable to see the body that was to solve the problems of Europe inventing reasons for doubting its competence to intervene in the Mosul dispute. The English rejection of the Protocol was tantamount to a declaration that the principles of the League were in practice unworkable, for the Protocol was nothing more than the logical application of the Covenant. To this declaration, the Locarno treaty was the necessary sequel. Amid the general rejoicing which hailed the new cordiality towards

Germany, the return to the old diplomacy and to the theory of the balance of power passed unnoticed, as also the fact that the League was ignored in all but name. Finally, the fiasco in March, for which again specious excuses are being offered, has chilled the warmth of the most enthusiastic supporter; and after six years, the entry of Russia and the United States, without which the League can never be complete, seems almost as far off as ever. No one is now sanguine enough to suppose that this is the instrument which is going to settle the Polish corridor, quieten the bellicose Turk, or bring together France and Germany. It will continue doubtless to serve a useful function as an international clearing-house. That it has failed is not the fault of its statesmen, who have striven against enormous odds to attain an ideal beyond the present scope of human achievement, nor is it the fault of Britain, who has lent it her disinterested support while yet there was hope.

The collapse of the League of Nations releases us from the only obligation upon us to entangle ourselves with European affairs. Our interests are bound up primarily with those of our Dominions, and their markets are more valuable to us than those of Europe. Upon them we depend for our supplies, in the case of war, of raw material for manufacture, for our essential foodstuffs, for the solution of our population problem—in short, for our continued existence as a first-class power. Their development lies in fields outside the European sphere, and they have no wish to saddle themselves with its difficulties. Our future is with them rather than in Europe, to which we are not tied by natural bonds. The policy of isolation which this entails will offend those who would have us sacrifice ourselves for the good of others. Not only, however, do we first owe a duty to ourselves and therefore are undeniably right in seeking our own security before that of our neighbours, but this policy will in effect do more in a practical way towards the peace of Europe than any other. For the commonwealth of British races together with the United States, with whose attitude we would thus come into line, animated by that horror of war that is felt particularly by the English-speaking peoples, would be an influence for peace in the world

very difficult to resist. It would be the first step, too, towards the merging of nations into bigger units, in which process alone lies any hope of world-federation. It is not perhaps the ideal way of securing universal peace, but we have now to face up to the fact that the ideal way has once again been shown not to be the practicable way, and to content ourselves with second-best.

The first principle then upon which the conservatism of the twentieth century should be based, is that we should gradually rid ourselves, as far as possible, of our European commitments. The second is concerned with domestic affairs, and requires the dissociation of the party from the existing conception of social reform. The connection of the Tory party with an active policy of social reform began in the middle of the last century in opposition to the *laissez faire* school, in whose grip the Liberal party was held. This connection fulfilled then a useful purpose, because the conditions of the time were not such as could well be let alone. But the kernel of the Benthamist creed, which is individualism, is good, and to the end of time will remain good. It is the duty of a government then, not on the one hand to leave existing evils to right themselves, nor on the other to arrange every detail according to its own ideas of perfection, but so to order the conditions of its time as to give the fullest and the fairest scope to individualism. The time is opportune for the Conservative party to stand firmly by this principle, for its opponent during the century will not be the old-time Liberalism, but the new Socialism, which must be fought with the weapon of individual enterprise. The present competition between the two major parties as to which can offer the more attractive bribes to the electorate in the way of pensions and State insurance of every sort, is degrading to the Tory party and fatal to the financial recovery of the nation. Such measures are Socialism pure and simple, every bit as much as the State control of industry. It is the interference of the State with that which should be left to the endeavours of the individual. It discourages thrift, initiative and resource just as effectively as any policy of nationalization. No young man whose mind has not yet been steeped in political hypocrisy, can be attracted

by a party, which, while it proclaims aloud the sanctity of private enterprise, is engaged to the best of its ability in undermining it.

Imperialism and Individualism should be the two essentials of Conservative theory. The former is the expression of the principal article of the Conservative creed, that a workable institution, proved by the test of time, should not be discarded for an idealist will-o'-the-wisp; the latter is the touchstone upon which every project of social reform should be tried, before it can be assimilated into Tory policy. Both will provide for the coming generation a rallying-point far stronger than that of pseudo-Socialism or the impractical pursuit of a pacifist ideal. It is popularly considered that conservatism and youth are naturally antagonistic. In so far as the former tends to stagnation, this is necessarily so, but once it infuses into itself the living spark of a determined policy, it can draw to itself Young England in the future as it has done in the past, and no policy can be more attractive to youth than that of carrying on the work of its forefathers to a glorious culmination.

[*Articles and letters from Young Conservatives are invited, and will be published monthly. As far as possible replies will be given to those expressing doubts and difficulties. Brevity will necessarily be taken into consideration in selecting those for publication.*—ED.]

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Liberal Squabble

Heddle laid down the newspaper which contained a ringside account of the latest rounds in the Asquith-Lloyd George scrap, and turned to Sergeant Murphy.

"What's the matter with Lloyd George?" he asked.

"Nothin'," replied the Sergeant, "except that he's Lloyd George, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Can the leopard change his spots?"

"He changed his coat once, didn't he?"

"There you're wrong, Heddle. Lloyd George has never left his party. Wherever the little Welshman is, there's the party—the Lloyd George party. But as far as the latest althercation is concerned, I'll set ye right.

"At the present time the wance towerin' ship of Liberalism has come down to a raft, not too well furnished with provisions, and dhriftin' along to an unknown destination, if anny. In command is the viteran Asquith, with a number of his ould officers, and a nucleus crew. Lloyd George, who was wance his navigatin' officer—until he wint away for a spell to better himself, has resumed his old job, bringin' back some of the crew he took away with him, and a private supply of provisions, big enough to take thim around the world.

"Now the same Asquith is a vinerable man who takes a lot of provokin' before he raises a hand in anger. Thrue, he could never forget that the Welshman had wance jockeyed him out of the captain's place. But he had to remimber also that Lloyd George had been the banner-bearer in every Liberal scrap for nearly twinty years, and that he had collected from sthrange and unstated sources large sums of party funds, while the official Liberal chest sounded as hollow as a dhrum. So he muttered to himself, 'I musn't judge the fellah be me own high standards. He hasn't been to Balliol.' And he welcomed back the unrepintant prodigal, and the roof

of the National Liberal Club shook with applause as the two leaders embraced and took wan another to their waistcoats, if not to their hearts.

"So far, so good.

"But Lloyd George is a restless divil that won't stand still. He hadn't been back more than a little while with his ould comrades whin he calls for action.

"'We're dhriftin',' says he, 'and we're losin' our crew little be little. There's only wan thing to be done. I'll fix a sail on the raft and guide ye to land. The crew want to go somewhere and I'm the bhoy to get thim there.'

"But the Captain and his mates listen coldly. They've grown respectable. They've lost their taste for advinchure. They disthrust the little Welshman. He's too quick for thim. He's always a couple of moves ahead, and if he's at the hellum, God knows on what shore they'll be cast up!

"Besides, they had the notion originally that his party funds would be available to all on the 'Help yourself' principle. And whin they found that before they could dhraw a shillin' they had to get five signatures, all in Welsh, they raised a row.

"Again, you must remimber, Heddle, that there's more than Lord Asquith himself in the conthroversy. The litherary section of his lordship's family, for instance, love David the way the divil does holy wather. And the fellahs he refused a licence to in the nineteen-eighteen election, and who were turfed out be their constituents, have ever since kept their knifes well sharpened in hope of a future operation on him. So whin they found that he was keepin' himself, his section, and his party funds to himself they egged on their alleged leader to thry a fall with David.

"The chance came whin Lloyd George in an unguarded momint—no man's always at his best—wrote a tactless article for the Americans durin' the gineral sthrike.

"That did it. His Liberal ill-wishers got into a corner, formed a soviet, and forced the ould man to tell Lloyd George to go and dhrown himself.

"With a display of dignity that no wan could have expected of him, the little Welshman said: 'Tell me what

I'm charged with, and if it's reasonable I'll go quietly. Meanwhile I'm stayin' a while. Thank ye kindly.'

"And that's the position up to the time of goin' to press."

"Will he join MacDonald and Snowden and that lot?" asked Heddle.

"Not if he's wise," replied Sergeant Murphy. "But some day they might join him. They could do with some political brains."

Sea Wrack

By Arthur L. Salmon

WHEN thou sailest the sea
Strange hazards shalt thou meet, strange happenings—
Unlooked-for landfalls,
Wreckings, hunger, thirst;
Perchance
Shalt sight Hesperian shores.

But haply on some night
Shall come the phantom wanderer of the storm
Full sailed, with cordage shrieking,
Swift from the weltering wrack;
And he may hail thee
Rough-voiced, as one whose throat
Hath bandied chidings with a thousand tempests—
Hail thee, and crave thy leave
To toss his bag of letters,
That thou mayst further them to their intent.
But thou—sail on.
Take not his missives, close thine ear and soul;
Lest if thou take them they shall bide with thee
A bondage and a doom,
And thou shalt go thy way
Wasting the years,
Burdened with this inscrutable commission—
Searching for perished homes and vanished places,
Seeking to deliver phantom letters
Writ by the dead to the dead.

Being Modern

By Horace Shipp

Easy Virtue, by Noel Coward. (Duke of York's.)
The Mountain, by C. K. Munro. (Stage Society.)
Russian Ballet. (His Majesty's.)

"BEING modern only means twisting things into different shapes," remarks one of the bright young people in Mr. Noel Coward's bright young play, and my mind twisted away to a recollection of the amazing Stravinsky Ballet which I had seen the evening before, and then ricochetted off to the production of Mr. Munro's interesting play recently by the Stage Society and to the discussion which had followed it. Mr. Coward himself, with his curious reputation as *enfant terrible* of the English theatre, contrives to be quite antiquated and Victorian. His young women curse, and his young men say things about the Lido which make one wonder why in the innocence of our hearts we found it only a pleasant bathing station; immature maidens murmur "Deauville" with Mephistophelean implications; and the audience shudders with vicarious daring as his heroine hurls the fulsome-sounding word "Cocotte" into her epigrammatical dialogue. Yet withal it was our old friend Mrs. Tanqueray who walked the stage for the thousandth time. The climax which sends her to the Ritz instead of to the grave might really have been designed *pour épater le bourgeois*, had Mr. Coward conceived it in the vein of cynical comedy; but presented as self-conscious tragedy it marks Mr. Coward as an angel of retribution.

Perhaps, to do him justice, Mr. Coward has never claimed to be modern. In his more unpleasant moments he has shown us middle-aged ladies tipsily evoking their dubious pasts and other evidences of the liberties which our age takes with good taste and virtue, but usually he has revealed himself finally as on the side of the angels.

His sense of the theatre causes him to write some magnificent scenes, and his actors and actresses must bless him for the ease he brings to their tasks. Miss Jane Cowl's big scene in *Easy Virtue* and many other moments of her part are so well conceived that it would require a thoroughly bad actress to miss them, and when we have a player of Miss Cowl's power the combination gives us

something memorable. Alongside this capable dealing with big situations, and a command of dialogue which seldom fails (and if it does, it is usually on the side of making an epigram where we want an emotion) Mr. Coward in this play shows some signs of haste. The entries and exits are forced unpardonably, the husband is sketchy in the extreme, and when his wife appears among his mother's ultra-respectable guests in a costume calculated to confirm their worst intuitions of her past, he shows himself no more capable of dealing with the situation than by rushing immediately off stage to eat sandwiches. Not only does he lose his wife thereby, but he loses the opportunity for a first-class stage scene. Moreover, I confess, Mr. Coward's circles are easily shocked if a tinsel dress and a cigarette holder can so effectively stagger them.

Truth to tell, Mr. Coward's modernity is only cosmetics; it is not even skin deep. He dresses the "well-made" French play in Neo-Georgian slang and only departs from his model in that his plays since *The Vortex* are not well-made. The twist he has given lies only in changing the comedy of manners into a comedy of bad manners.

Meantime, Mr. C. K. Munro is writing dramas new in matter and manner, and the Stage Society is fulfilling its function splendidly by producing them. The theme of *The Mountain* is nothing less than the whole ethics of authority and revolt. It is packed with thought, and for over four hours kept our minds alert. It is a significant play, dealing with problems considerably more fundamental than the reception of ladies of easy virtue in families where long habit has made virtue easy. Wanting such plays in the public theatre I cannot help feeling distressed that the twist of Mr. Munro's modernity causes him to make his plays in an unmanageable shape. Four hours' length, sixteen scenes, and an army of actors and supers is asking too much of the theatre under present conditions, and although Mr. Munro's plays cannot be cut in the ordinary way, they should have been modelled or should be remodelled by him into practical form. His technique defeats his own end, and technique which does that is a failure. In art we are usually prepared to accept a new form when we have hurled our epithets against

its novelty, if it speaks to us as clearly or as well as the old. But newness itself is no virtue, and at least should prove practical. Because Mr. Munro has an adult mind we want him in the theatre, and because we believe that he has something to say we are prepared for him to say it in an unusual way. To exile himself from the theatre he could serve—and to exile himself so unnecessarily as some of us think—is a policy of artistic *hara-kiri*. It adds to our indebtedness to the Stage Society, but justifies our annoyance with the intractable author.

The "different shape" of the Russian Ballet is, I assume, a matter of taste. At the risk of calling upon my head the scorn of the *cognoscenti* I found myself yearning for *Petroushka* whilst I listened to and watched the new Stravinsky *Les Noces*. In four black and white tableaux we saw the incidents of a primitive wedding which bore remarkable likeness to a double funeral. There was rhythm enough and geometry enough to satisfy the mind of a mathematician. Even the pianos formed four and burgeoned into two keyboards apiece, whilst the impersonal *corps de ballet* piled itself into black and white pyramids or gyrated like gymnasts at a drill display. Intellectually it held one. Music and movement and the wonderfully effective voice orchestration which is so important to the score made an organic whole of flawless rhythm. Emotionally it offered nothing. I wondered whether it was the logical French mind which had thus overlaid the patterned beauty of the earlier ballets or whether the machine-drama of their native land, concerning which such interesting reports drift through, was dictating this mass ballet, this impersonal ensemble, these abstract motives. When the ballet was followed by *Les Matelots* with its amazing solo dancing, it was like coming back to pleasant harbour after drear voyages in frozen seas. I confess to the feeling that I had got through task work in following the ballet season and could now look forward to wonderful evenings with the old favourites—the loveliest things the theatre knows. It is excellent for those of us who love the ballet "this side idolatry" that we have not to see it this year as a music-hall turn. We hope it will not too violently "twist to different shapes."

A Novel Competition

1st Prize. Books to the value of £5
2nd „ „ „ „ £2
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PRIZES are offered for the selection of the most notable passage, not exceeding 150 words in length, occurring in any speech, sermon, or article delivered or published in English, between the 15th June and 15th of the current month (July).

The conditions of entry are as follows:—

1. The full name and address of the competitor must be written upon the form below and attached to the page of the paper (the name and date of which must be visible) in which the speech, sermon, or article appeared, with the selected passage clearly marked. A passage selected from a Review or Magazine may be copied out, but the name and date of the publication must be stated.
2. Entries must be received, addressed to the Editor, THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 4 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., not later than the 16th of each month.
3. The decision of the Editor will be final.

Consideration will be given severally to the style or quality of expression, the importance of the subject matter, and the forcefulness of the appeal, whether to the patriotic, moral or artistic instincts of the audience or readers.

The names of the successful competitors and the passages selected will be published in the following number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

NAME.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

DATE OF POSTING.....

Results of June Competition

THIS month our first and second prizes are divided amongst five contributors who have sent in the same passage from Mr. Baldwin's speech at Harrow. Mr. Baldwin has evidently caught the popular fancy to-day, for several other selections from his speeches and writings have been sent in. A passage from his book, though quoted, is not eligible, and the same rule keeps out an admirable quotation from "The Hope of the Workers," by Mr. Austin Hopkinson, which appeared in our May number.

1st and 2nd Prizes divided between:

Mrs. M. I. AUBREY, Westover House, Bitton, Bristol.
Miss F. STRAWBORNE, Glenholme, Finsbury Terrace, Swansea.
Major F. H. S. LE MASURIER, 48 Dorchester Road, Weymouth.
Mr. ROBERT THORBURN, Shawfield, Park Road, Southport.
Major WYNDHAM TORR, H.M. British Embassy, Madrid, Spain.

Extract from Mr. Baldwin's speech at Harrow, 3rd June:—

"There is one question that will hammer at all our hearts for many years to come. We have heard it often, the question that the dead themselves might ask: 'Have we died in vain?' and the question you hear asked by mothers and widows and orphan children all over the world. The answer we can give will depend upon what superstructure we can build upon foundations that have been cemented in their blood. It will be hard work, and it will be hard work to prove to the world that those deaths have not been in vain, for there is no toil like that of trying to mend things, trying to make the world better and happier."

3rd Prize.—Lt.-Commander S. M. RICE, The Limes, Faringdon.

Extract from the Prince of Wales's Speech (9th June) on Kitchener's work in the War:—

"One man, and, so far as I know, one man only, stood forward at once to pronounce that vast transformation to be vitally necessary, and, to England's undying glory, he proved it to be perfectly possible. He roused the people to the magnitude of the task; he raised the great armies with which to accomplish it.

"It will always be within just surmise that, had the span of his life been but a little extended, the forger of the great weapon of war would have been a great architect of peace. But, at least as regards the moulding of the armies which were to spell victory for the Allied cause, Kitchener could review a finished work, for the last of the divisions which his genius called into being went overseas on the very day when he himself set out on the mission from which there was to be no return."

Books

LITERARY CRITICISM

A Dictionary of Modern English Usage. By H. W. Fowler. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.

In France gold-laced Academicians pledged to conservation look after the language. Our own men of letters have, since Scott's day, protested against any such regimentation. English goes on its free, rapid, and varying course with very little correction of any kind. Have the English more individuality of character than any other nation? This is frequently said, and our language, with its many alternative forms and ways of phrasing, its host of strange and sometimes illogical idioms, might be adduced to support the assertion. It is difficult to speak and write correctly, and the chief guide for the ordinary man—common journalism—is a "sad, mechanic exercise," full of outworn phrases, and seldom distinguished by the results of research. The learned, who, on their rare appearances in print, ought to get a good hearing, are put aside as pedants and purists behind the spirit of the age. They are, in truth, apt to forget that grammar was made for man, not man for grammar. Mr. Fowler, one of the two brothers who wrote "The King's English," has long been a distinguished student of our language; he is free from pedantry; and here he even writes at times with gay flippancy. So his book supplies unusually bright reading on a subject which is often dismally treated; and we hope that it may be a constant companion on the desk of the journalist. He writes mostly for the less competent, and warns them off vanities and embellishments to which the master of English is fully entitled. A few years since the "Pencraft" of a leading epigrammatist claimed the artist's right to rhetoric; to something more effective than commonplace or commercial speech. Talking has one vocabulary, and writing another. Who says "Alas!" or "forsooth" in conversation? People used to be shy of writing "didn't," recording real oaths and exclamations as they are spoken, or dropping into slang. Now anything like the grand style is taboo, and speech and prose, even of the better sort, are getting very near each other. Mr. Fowler does not touch this point in his preface, but he is well aware that formality is out of date and free speech in vogue at all periods of life, from the nursery to the nursing-home.

His 742 pages, which would be more portable on India paper, are crammed with necessary and useful hints, little essays, and brief explanations from recognized authorities. Some of his matter is not new, but none of it, perhaps, can be called familiar. The Oxford "Authors' and Printers' Dictionary" is unknown in many offices, and the S.P.E. has still many readers to reach. The most important of Mr. Fowler's articles are those concerned

with taste. Under the headings "Genteelisms," "Vogue Words," "Working and Stylish Words," "Rhythm," and "Novelty Hunting," he offers excellent advice. "Technical terms" explains much that the ordinary man does not know, and careful articles reveal the traps which lurk in relatives and other words in every-day use.

Mr. Fowler himself is free and easy in his language. He uses the clumsy form "explained by the words having been familiarized," and ventures on the word "biographicality," which comes, we think, under one of his own headings of censured words. These, however, are the freedoms of a man who is no pedant. Mr. Fowler allows us to misplace "only" when the sense is perfectly clear, and defends several words which the purist shrieks at. To the horrid verb "loan" we should add the equally needless verb "gift." A "positive ovation" has missed the pillory it deserves. "Suggestive" might have been mentioned. The endings *our* and *or* are disputed. "Rigour" and "rigorous" are right, and as we have "humour" and "humorous," we prefer also to write "humorist," as it is in Johnson's dictionary. Spelling reform may some day reduce *our* to *or* throughout. At present the first form allows of a differentiation in "rigor" pronounced with a long "i." This is a medical term, one of those specialized words which have been parted from their ordinary meaning by pronunciation or spelling. Men of science, Mr. Fowler tells us, are sad offenders when they get to converting or improving language. "Mahomet" is a form rightly preferred, but when Mr. Fowler adds, "*Muhammad* should be left to the pedants, *Mohammed* to historians and the like," he does an injustice to Gibbon, who notes that—

> some words, notoriously corrupt, are fixed, and, as it were, naturalized, in the vulgar tongue. The prophet Mahommed can no longer be stripped of the famous, though improper, appellation of Mahomet.

"The same," used to avoid the repetition of a noun or pronoun, is regarded as "illiteracy." No doubt it is odiously over-used by the commercial writer, but it can boast a good pedigree. Psalm cxiii, 3, begins: "From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same." We should defend "flamboyant," originally architectural, but now used in transferred senses, by pointing to "florid," which was once commonly used in a good sense. Both words show the English sense of reserve, the objection to fluency, which is suspected as not being a national gift.

Having noted Mr. Fowler's reference to "that pestilent fellow, the critical reader," we may add that our comments are mainly designed to show that we have paid this excellent and helpful book the close attention it deserves.

V. R.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Vol. I. THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE RENAISSANCE. By EMILE LEGOUIS. Dent. 10s. 6d. net.

THE next best thing to reading English literature yourself is to read what good judges have said about it; indeed, it is often advisable to do both. There is always a chance, for human memory is weak, that your reading, however extensive it may be, has left some fine pages unconsidered, that there are new authors to be touched, and new beauties in old friends to be discovered. In the case of critics like Taine, or M. Jusserand, and now of our author, there is the additional pleasure of seeing our literature from a new point of view, our poetry judged by men who find the ideal in Racine, our somewhat formless prose by worshippers of the period. M. Legouis has shown by his studies of Chaucer and Wordsworth a wide sympathy for our poetry, and the book before us reveals a deeper knowledge than had Taine, an outlook more peculiarly literary than that of M. Jusserand. It would be easy to draw up a list of his blind spots, of the places where he is forcing himself to be fair, to acknowledge that some of the things he feels in his heart to be blemishes may have something to be said for them. Perhaps he remembers the chorus of castigation that fell on M. Jusserand when he dared to lay a sacrilegious hand on the fame of Spenser, and resolved to make amends for that fault. Though, as was to be expected, M. Legouis writes well on Chaucer, the best of the book is that dealing with the Renaissance—verse, prose, and drama. His account of Anglo-Saxon literature is conscientious, and for the occasion, adequate; where he is of the least value is in the popular ballad literature; he is at his best in his survey of the dramatists, giving an unusually complete account of them. The bibliographies seem to have been drawn up on a very personal plan, the index of names is very full and accurate, and the book is well printed.

A CHAPTER IN THE EARLY LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE. By ARTHUR GRAY. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

THIS short and agreeably written book places Shakespeare as a boy at Polesworth, in North Warwickshire, getting, as page to Sir Henry Goodere, an excellent education. If this removal from Stratford was a fact, it would help to explain Shakespeare's wonderful advance in early manhood, and agree with other details noted by Mr. Gray. The difficulty is that no scrap of tradition of Shakespeare remains at Polesworth, and that is very odd, as the place was associated with Drayton and other men of letters. Mr. Gray criticizes at length the traditional view. It has to be filled in with conjectures and involves difficulties; but there is more to be said for it than he puts here. Genius gets its own education. Is Dickens a good parallel to Shakespeare? Hardly, we think, to a close student of his life.

BOOKS

THE MODERN IBSEN. By HERMANN WEIGAND. Dent. 15s. net.

IN this detailed study of the last twelve of Ibsen's plays Professor Weigand of Pennsylvania pays the dramatist the high compliment of assuming that the characters he created were possessed of that most alluring of modern phenomena—a subconsciousness; and he proceeds to demonstrate that these people were not what they stated, or on the textual evidence thought themselves to be, but, to his discerning analytic eye, something startlingly other. In the instances where he shows this deeper "motivation" to have been in Ibsen's mind, backing his assertions by quotations from letters, speeches, and known development of the dramatist's life and ideas, the book is valuable as a penetrating exposition. Elsewhere, when the critic is instructing the creator about the real nature of the characters, we cannot but feel that the theory has run away with the fact. Nevertheless, and in spite of a looseness of style and a slanginess which suggest the laxity of armchair discussion rather than the scholar's desk, the book sends us back to Ibsen with an eye to his nuances, and throws interesting lights upon the characters, the plots, and the author as dramatist and social thinker.

FICTION

EROS. By J. A. T. LLOYD. Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.

MR. LLOYD is to be congratulated on a pungent and well-written story of life just after the war. His hero is a young man with a talent for music who has found feminine attractions too much for him before he is, against his better judgment, tied up with a fine animal of a woman. She is bright in a slangy way, only wants a good time, and has not the slightest understanding of his superior compositions. To her and her jazzing companions, as to the pompous world of the successful, an artist is an incomprehensible freak unless he makes money. There is another girl whom the hero—these musicians are sad dogs—recognizes as his soul-helper at sight, and the question is whether he can ever get her help. Mr. Lloyd arranges his final tableau with admirable irony, and deals faithfully throughout with "the cinema manners, the brio, the affectation of being unaffected" of the smart, and the "supreme quality of being a good sport, itself the accepted substitute for goodness." "Hyppolitus," who comes into the learned lore of Eros, looks very odd, and must be due to the printer, since Mr. Lloyd evidently knows his classics well.

THE SECRET THAT WAS KEPT. By ELIZABETH ROBINS. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

MISS ROBINS calls this romance, in her sub-title, "A Study in Fear," but apart from a certain anxiety lest her defaulting, fugitive husband should be caught, followed by a rather uncomfortable feeling that he may inconveniently intervene in her real

love affair, and a quite understandable dislike of American Press publicity, this story runs suavely enough without an oppressive heartbeat. If it is a study in anything, it is in the mind of North and South in their reaction to colour, and from Miss Robins's point of view, it seems to be the slave States which "think all God's chilluns got wings," or, at least, souls. The dramatic side of the story comes in with a bang in the penultimate scene, when the dead husband returns to be really killed by his illegitimate son, and his ex-wife takes the mild blame of shooting "a burglar" to hoodwink a rapacious Press, and keep her second husband unspotted from the world. The brisk Southern aunt and the free, patriarchal atmosphere of the rural South best illustrate the writer's established powers in depicting personality and atmosphere.

WINNOWED WISDOM. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. Lane. 5s.

THE greatest of American humorists was wise enough to arrange a solid background of serious matter as a foil for his jests. Mr. Leacock attempts a more difficult task in producing an endless series of parodies and other jests without any serious relief. On the whole, he keeps it up very well, being a remarkably shrewd critic of the humbug and shallow pretensions which go so far in these days of hurry and fluency. The parody of the popular "Outlines," which tell the reader all that he need know of Shakespeare or Evolution, is hard and fair hitting. "The New Attaboy Language" and "Brotherly Love among the Nations" are also quite pleasing and to the point. Other things in the volume are *vieux jeu*, and not up to the writer's best level. We suppose that, having made a reputation as a humorist, he is kept busy writing by publishers.

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH

A MIRROR TO FRANCE. By FORD MADOX FORD. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

HISTORY OF FRANCE. By JACQUES BAINVILLE. Translated by ALICE and CHRISTIAN GAUSS. Appleton. 12s. 6d.

CASEMENTS. By RICHARD CLOUDESLEY SAVAGE. Dent. 5s.

THIS latest book by F. M. Ford is very irritating. We are convinced that he knows France as no one can who has not been brought up there when young. He could have written such a description of his second country—"tout homme a deux pays, le sien et puis la France"—as would have opened the eyes of dull Anglo-Saxons to its inner kernel, hidden beneath a hard shell. In fact, we should have had a better book than "The Soul of London," good as that was. Instead, we get a mass without form and void, with no more composition than a Cubist picture, full of little silly stories and whimsies, quite meaningless to those who do not know France but wish to learn about it. Yet every

now and then the author gives us a pregnant saying that lets us see deep down into the French heart. How true his remarks on "la rive gauche de la Seine," on the real French cooking, on "la chasse au sou," on French women and French politics, on "l'administration!" And then he irritates us with his contention that Provence is the heart of France, that Ney (and not Murat) was *le beau sabreur*, that he does not recollect, and is too lazy to find out, the name of the Rue de Seine, that Napoleon I erected the Column at Boulogne, that the gravel of the Luxembourg gardens is more pleasant than the grass of those of Kensington, that Quatre Bras is in France, that the memory of Anatole France is hated by his countrymen, or that Mr. Pound is in any way comparable with Mistral. We regret to note that the hand is losing its cunning; most readers will find in the recent book of Mr. Sisley Huddleston a much truer picture of France of to-day.

Those who are old enough to recollect how John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People" swept through England in 1874 may realize the popularity of M. Bainville's "Histoire de France," which passed through 125 editions in a year. M. Bainville is a Nationalist and Conservative, one of the school of Maurras, Bourget, and Barrès; but to get the whole of French history into 500 pages does not leave much room for polemics. His work has now been translated by two American professors, and includes a few portraits of French worthies which are quite unworthy of the text. In America, where French is not studied as widely as it is in England, there may be room for this translation. But in this country there must be few interested in French history who would not prefer to read the work in the original, unadorned with the curiosities of American spelling and vocabulary.

Mr. Savage has had the very good idea of translating fifty poems by fifty modern French poets into English. For French poetry, especially that of the twentieth century, is little known in England, even by good French scholars who read a deal of French prose. Mr. Savage's choice of poems is somewhat indiscriminate; he includes old favourites like Theuriet's "Vannier," Nadaud's "Carcassonne" (wrongly spelt throughout), and Rostand's "Sarah Bernhardt," with selections from far less-known rhymers, such as Tancrède de Visan, Louisa Siefert, Paté, and Millien. But he ought to know that "sweet" does not rhyme with "wet," even if he imagines that Suzanne rhymes with Perpignan.

MEMOIRS

STEWART HEADLAM: A BIOGRAPHY. By F. G. BETTANY. Murray. 10s. 6d.

WILL those who did not know Stewart Headlam realize from this book why a biography of him should be written? Without

a biography a personal stranger to the man could hardly know anything of him. Certainly he could not gauge him rightly, or anywhere near rightly. The man in the street may have heard of him as a person who got into trouble with his vicars and his bishops for his championship of actresses. He may also have run across him in schoolboard and L.C.C. matters. But that is not much to justify a biography. Well, the test of a biography of this man is just whether after reading it the man in the street will understand why a biography was justifiable, will, indeed, feel that the biographer was rendering a real service to all who *humani nil alienum putant.* One who knew Headlam intimately, and loved him, can perhaps hardly judge how this account will impress a reader who had never met him. Certainly all the facts are there, but that is a small thing in any biography, and especially so in Headlam's case. Is the man there? Yes; no one who knew him will question that. But does he shine out so clearly, so brightly that none could fail to respond to him, that none could mistake him? In short, will the book leave on the reader the impression that the man left on an intimate? Not quite, we should say. Mr. Bettany has fulfilled his task in a workmanlike manner, and in a good spirit—the spirit proper to one in close relation with his subject. But he is hardly artist enough to produce a living portrait of Headlam. Few, indeed, there are, or have been, that could do this. A caricaturist would have found it easier to hit him off than a portrait-painter. The defect of the book is that, while undoubtedly all is there, Headlam does not "come." We are not sure the biographer has ever "seen" his subject in the sense of the creative artist. Still, all those who have any idea what Stewart Headlam did, what he stood for, and, above all, what he was, will be grateful to Mr. Bettany. It would have been a grievous thing if this splendid personality had sunk into limbo unrecorded.

Headlam's life was one largely of storm, stress, and persecution; yet he made very few enemies, and made a large number love him. Especially those whom he fought furiously, and who did their best to hit him back as hard in matters public, were his friends the moment the fight was over. Nothing rankled.

He was the champion of the weak, the poor, and of all who could not help themselves; he was always on the side of truth against convention; he would never compromise to conciliate respectability. He cared little enough what people thought of him, if he was satisfied he was doing right. Never would he join in a hue and cry after a hunted man, however badly thought of. Rather would he go out of his way to befriend him whom everybody was speaking against.

Obviously such a man was a great Christian. It is sad to think of the trouble he had with his ecclesiastical superiors, who, no

doubt, would say it was they who had trouble with him. This did not embitter him, but went nearer to embittering him than anything else in his whole life. We see now that in his ideas for which he suffered Headlam was simply in advance of public opinion. His theology and his church-and-stage views are quite in the ascendant. His enthusiasm for education—essentially a religious enthusiasm—has borne fruit, too. What a contrast in the L.C.C. Education Committee did this fiery devotee make to the worthy people around him who had not among them a single great idea! We might, perhaps, drop the word "great."

Well, here was a man at least; here, too, was a saint.

THE ROMANTIC '90's. By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

MR. LE GALLIENNE has long since disappeared from the English scene, and has now, we gather, more than forty books to his credit. He writes a smooth, easy prose, and is as unabashed a sentimentalist as ever, rejoicing in all the wonderful authors he met when he "read" books for John Lane, and afterwards reviewed them. A decided attraction of his survey is the reproduction in facsimile of several letters from authors who are treated with profuse compliments. "Was the joyous soul of the scholar ever put into words with more convincing charm?" he asks of Lionel Johnson, who had only absinthe for him to drink. The very hair of a poet is described as "vital." It was a busy world of not too critical enthusiasm in which the young men wrote much more than they knew and puffed each other. The papers were astonishingly literary in the '90's, and Mr. George Moore said wisely of a compliment: "All very charming indeed . . . but why not in a newspaper?"

Mr. Le Gallienne, while belauding his contemporaries, follows fashion in dwelling, pleasantly enough, on the foibles of the great elders who were leaders in his time. His period did much to kill stuffy Victorianism, but most of its exponents cannot be described as important. He still cherishes an easy standard, as he talks of "such a general high level of poetic achievement" to-day, and copies out thrice-told stories.

PRINTS and REPRINTS

THE TRAVELLERS' LIBRARY: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUPER-TRAMP. By W. H. DAVIES. SELECTED PREJUDICES. By H. L. MENCKEN. THE CRAFT OF FICTION. By PERCY LUBBOCK. Cape. 3s. 6d. each.

BOTH in form and in its selection of authors this is a decidedly attractive series. G. B. S. supplies an admirable preface for the super-tramp, who has not, apparently, got out of his charming book what he deserves. Mr. Davies adds to the new edition a quatrain ending:

Genius gives gold and gets no more than pence.

The pungent Mr. Mencken is the sworn foe of humbug, an iconoclast, an *enfant terrible* who has long played a useful part in the American family. He lays a ruthless finger on pretentiousness and extravagance. He has read at least ten biographies of Roosevelt, and found in all of them "vastly more gush than sense." The Rough-rider was bitten with Nietzsche:

> Theodore had swallowed Friedrich as a peasant swallows pills—bottle, cork, label, and testimonials.

Of another transient idol he remarks:

> The fraudulence of Wilson is now admitted by all save a few survivors of the old corps of official flatterers, most of them devoid of both honesty and intelligence.

Mr. Lubbock's writing on Fiction is somewhat elaborate, but it is full of observation and good taste.

HOW TO DISTINGUISH PRINTS. Edited by HESKETH HUBBARD. The Print Society. 21s.

THERE is unnecessary humility in the final paragraph of Mr. Hubbard's introduction to this pleasant quarto volume. "Conscious that no technical work is free from errors or omissions," he says, "only a small edition of this book is being printed," but the scheme of the volume which entrusts one chapter upon each process to an expert craftsman renders it almost immune from error. Mr. Hubbard himself contributes a well-informed essay on the invention of the various processes of print-making. The rest of the book deals *seriatim* with every phase of the relievo, intaglio, and planographic processes, giving in each instance the distinguishing characteristics of the print, and explaining simply the technical method. This is illustrated by a full-page print as example, and a detailed plate showing either progressive prints or a microphotograph of a portion of the block and of the print from it.

It is altogether an admirable book, and an excellent introduction to its subject, telling enough of the varying techniques to add to the layman's appreciation and understanding without overburdening him with detail. If we were to complain, it would be that some of the plates tend to be dull in subject, however excellently they illustrate the matter in hand.

The growing enthusiasm for collecting good etchings, woodcuts, aquatints, lithographs, and other prints is evidence of a widespread love of fine art, especially among those who cannot afford original paintings, and this book by the members of the Print Society is a service alike to the collector, the lover of prints, and the craftsman.